Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE PERIL OF THE FUTURE

A VITAL QUESTION TO BE ANSWERED

BY THE EDITOR

STEP by step the strategic plans of German conquest are being disclosed. Long ago, we assume, all persons of information and perspicacity dismissed, if indeed they had ever accepted, the impudent pretence that Germany was forced into the war by unexpected events and undertook it in self-defence, and became convinced that she deliberately planned the war and entered it at her own chosen time for the purpose of extended if not world-wide conquests. But it has required the progress of affairs to demonstrate the full scope and purport of her plans. Hitherto the most commonly recognized and most notable scheme of national expansion in the world has been that of Russia, in seeking through two centuries of effort a commercial outlet and frontage on the high seas at a point where they are never barred with ice. That has been a great and persistent undertaking, and it has largely determined the whole trend of Russian foreign policy and has had a profound influence upon the international affairs of both Europe and Asia. Yet it is now seen to have been a comparatively trifling thing by the side of the predatory policies of the Hohenzollerns, even if we consider nothing more than the attempts of the latter to secure control of maritime highways, which have been by no means the whole or even the major part of their ambitions.

The first important step in the campaign of conquest was the partition of Poland, which Frederick the Great conceived

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and executed largely for the sake of securing by the theft of Danzig an import frontage and a great harbor on the Baltic Sea, as also for connecting two parts of Prussia into an integral whole by seizing the territory which lay between them. The sequel to this was the seizure of the southern part of Denmark, which greatly increased Prussia's frontage on the Baltic, gave her a frontage on the North Sea, and provided her with an eligible route for an inland waterway connecting those two frontages. A little later the conquest and annexation of Hanover gave her an extended North Sea frontage.

At this point she could well afford to suspend for the time her operations in that direction, and seek strategic conquests elsewhere. She therefore turned to the east. Negotiations with the Sultan of Turkey secured concessions through which Germany was to have special privileges on the Bosporus and Dardanelles, an outlet on the Syrian coast of the Mediterranean Sea, control of the Euphrates Valley, and an outlet on the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean. That was a gigantic scheme of German hegemony clear across two continents, from the North Sea to the Indian Ocean, tapping the Mediterranean Sea by the way. Through her most subservient tool, Austria-Hungary, she at the same time planned to secure an outlet down the Vardar Valley to the head of the Aegean Sea, and by the rape of Bosnia and Herzegovina to confirm greatly the German position on the Adriatic. Further domination of the Mediterranean was sought in the attempt to seize Morocco and thus possess one side of the eastern gateway to that sea; the frustration of which attempt by France, Great Britain and the United States won for these countries the most savage resentment and hatred of the Huns.

German aggressions in the Pacific began with the attempt to crowd America and Great Britain out of Samoa and to win all those islands for the German colonial empire. Other steps in the same direction included the seizure of various lands and groups in the East Indies and Polynesia, and also an important foothold on the Chinese coast. Militant intrigues were also initiated for the acquisition of the Philippines, which were frustrated by the expedition and intrepid resolution of George Dewey; another cause of wrath against the United States.

There remained the western Atlantic and the Caribbean,

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and the Isthmian Canal route between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The list of German schemes in that direction is a long one. It comprises the attempt, led by Dr. von Holleben, to meddle between the United States and Spain in the spring of 1898; and the balking of at least one of the negotiations for the American purchase of the Danish West Indies; by which means Germany hoped to prevent the extension of United States influence thither. Other intrigues aimed at the acquisition of the Dutch West Indies by Germany. The defeat of the negotiations for a canal treaty between the United States and Nicaragua in 1902 was due very directly to German influence over the then Nicaraguan minister to the United States, and the same game, with a somewhat different ending, was played at Panama. It was through German influence that Colombia was persuaded to reject the canal treaty, Germany then being engaged in an attempt to secure for herself the reversion of the old de Lesseps canal concession at Panama, intending to complete the work and make it a German canal across American soil.

All these various and variously-resulting drives at waterways and sea frontages antedated the present war. In this conflict they have been continued, together, of course, with the development of other schemes of conquest. The conquest of Belgium was effected partly as the first step in a drive at Paris and France by the route of supposedly least resistance, and also for the sake of gaining a working frontage on the British Channel. Serbia and Montenegro were conquered largely in order to promote the schemes already mentioned for German dominance on the Aegean and the Adriatic. The Baltic Provinces of Russia are being annexed to Germany in order to give her full possession of the continental shores of that sea, and the German conquest of Finland has been essayed with the object of pushing northward to the Kola Peninsula so as to gain on the Terian and Murmanian coasts frontages on the White Sea and the Arctic Ocean. The seizure of Ukrainia is intended to make the Black Sea a German Lake, and the attempt to set up a German province in the Caucasus is meant to give Germany a footing upon the shore of the Caspian.

Formidable as are these schemes of waterway domination, they are not by any means the whole of the German campaign of conquest. The prosecution of them has greatly facilitated others, one of which is now beginning to loom up

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with a portentousness not surpassed by any other feature of the entire situation. In the course of the highly successful drives along the coast of the Baltic and the north shore of the Black Sea, Germany has crushed and demoralized Russia, deprived her of her sea coasts, and isolated her from the rest of Europe. Whatever may be the status and the prospective outcome of the war on the western front, it is indisputable that Germany has already completely won that on the eastern front. She has achieved the conquest of Russia, and it now rests with her to determine in what manner she shall most advantageously employ the results of that conquest.

Already she has utilized those results in three important ways. One is the withdrawal of hundreds of thousands of troops from the east for service on the western front. It is well within bounds to say that the recent drive in Flanders and Picardy would not have been undertaken but for the collapse of Russia, or, if undertaken, would not have been nearly as formidable as it was. The second is the securing of vast supplies both of food and of munitions of war or the raw material for them. Alsace and Lorraine were stolen in 1871 chiefly for the sake of their iron mines, but in seizing Russia the Huns have secured immeasurably richer mines of iron, the chief platinum mines of the world, one of the richest of oil fields, vast cotton plantations, and the granary of Europe; and much of this wealth is immediately available for the supplying of wants and for the allaying of discontent. The third way in which the conquest has been utilized is the unifying and confirming of the whole German people in support of the Government. There can no longer be complaints that the war is a failure or that it is being waged for nothing. The Imperial Government can claim that it has " made good ".

Now all this is on the supposition that Germany elects to continue the war in the west, as indeed she is doing. But there is an alternative, which has been somewhat more than hinted at. That is, for Germany to content herself with her eastern conquests, which are by far the greatest ever made by any nation in modern times if not ever in the history of the world and to abandon her efforts in the west. That would mean withdrawal from France and Flanders, and fortification of the old frontier of Germany, to protect that empire in its new conquests. That would place Germany in an exceedingly strong position. We do not say that it would be im-

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pregnable. But if in more than three and a half years Germany, minus her eastern army, has been able to hold the Allies in check on their own soil, what would be her capacities for defence when fighting defensively on her own soil, and plus the great force which she was able to draw from the eastern front? If she should elect to adopt such a course, the Allies would be greatly nonplussed and embarrassed. They could not logicaly and consistently give up the war, yet they would find the difficulties of pursuing it far greater than before.

We do not say that that is what she is going to do. But it would be foolish not to recognize the possibility of her doing so, and even the probability of it in certain contingencies. There can be little doubt that she would adopt that course in preference to confessing defeat all around and suing for peace or offering unconditional surrender. Neither can there be any doubt that the strategy of her accomplished campaign thus far has placed her in a situation in which to adopt that course would be easy and hopeful of success.

As for the potential results of such a course, they must be obvious. The Allies must either accept that settlement as an ending of the war, or must refuse to do so and continue the war for the purpose of undoing it. If they should elect the former course, Germany, reenforced with the population and the inestimably great resources of the Russian Empire, would be admirably situated to prepare herself for a renewal of the war not many years hence, in circumstances far more favorable for herself than those of 1914. Her man power, and her power in all other respects, would be vastly greater than in the present war, both positively and comparatively, while her opponents would be just so much the weaker; and she would have foes on only one side instead of on two.

These considerations would, we may confidently assume, compel the Allies to refuse to recognize that settlement and to continue the war. They would have to do so against a united and augmented Germany, backed by almost boundless resources and fighting on a single front. We must believe that the result of even such a conflict would be the overthrow of the Huns. That would be a necessity of civilization and of Christianity. But it would be a stupendous task. At the present time Russia is so disorganized as to be of little value to its conqueror. But the course which Germany has been pursuing in Ukrainia indicates unmistakably that she is bent upon the reorganization and restoration of

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Russia for German profit at the earliest possible moment.

In that outlook lies an immense peril—perhaps the greatest that has ever confronted the world. We have expressed faith that the Allies would now reject any proposal that would give to Germany a free hand in the East, despite the fact that she would speak as a conqueror and could well afford to make most liberal and tempting offers to the Allies in the West and even to Italy. But we have to confess that our sense of certainty with respect to the future is not strong. Assuming, as we trust we may with confidence, that the Germans have come to realize that they cannot break through and presently will begin to intrench themselves with their customary skill and thoroughness, what then? To say, as many do say, that because they will have failed to achieve their immediate purpose the war will have been won by the Allies is, to our mind, to talk nonsense. The enemy has only to "dig in" and stay there. If the most powerful military machine ever known could not pass our far less effective force, what chance have we of smashing his defenses to and beyond the Rhine this year, next year or ever, for that matter?

It is easy enough to shout "We are going to win; of course we are; anybody who suggests a possibility of our losing is a traitor," etc., etc.; they are heartening words and we like to hear them; but *how* are we going to win? That is what we want to know.

Suppose the frightful business continues, as probably it must, for several years or even for one year and the situation remains substantially unchanged, the Allies having drawn from America and the enemy from Russia in about equal proportions, and then Germany suddenly proposes to turn back all she has won in the West and to keep only what she has won in the East, what are we going to reply? What is stricken France going to feel and even perhaps say? What, England? What, the people of America? What,—and this is the gravest question of all—President Wilson? What, ourselves, for that matter? We simply do not know and cannot foresee. But we do realize that the peril of having to face such a situation is not only, as we have declared, immense, but even perhaps far more imminent than we imagine. It is something, therefore, that we should begin to think of and to prepare for, with the utmost seriousness.

Is it not probable that the time will come when we shall

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have to determine how much of the world's obligation to civilization we of this generation are bound in honor to assume and how much we are warranted in passing on to our successors?

That surely is the way we are drifting. So far as is known,—and information to the contrary, if there be any, invariably leaks out,—neither our Allies nor ourselves have formulated any plans for actually winning the war. We are simply expecting Germany to lie down. We have not even a great policy in common, except as to defensive fighting in France. Great Britain, perceiving the danger of such a situation as we have indicated arising, is eager to put Japan into Russia to head off German mobilization of the mighty man power of that distracted and prostrate country, but President Wilson refuses assent upon the ground that to do so might induce somebody to suspect the sincerity of our declarations that we seek no conquests.

Who that somebody is Heaven alone knows. It cannot be any one of the Allies; that is certain. It may, of course, be Mexico, but we hardly think so. Probably it is Germany or Turkey or both—our "adversaries," as Mr. Baker sweetly calls them. In any case, the United States objects to and actually prevents the prosecution of the war in the East after the manner deemed most advisable, if not indeed absolutely essential, by our "associates." We do not maintain that the President may not have satisfactory reasons for pursuing this course, but we do insist that he assumes a tremendous responsibility if, as Mr. Creel informs us, he does so merely to preserve appearances in the eyes of anybody who might pretend to mistrust our motives.

We would not for a moment distract the attention or the energies of the Government and the people from the most pressing need of hurrying men to France. On the contrary, we would concentrate all efforts to that end, not only to atone partially for our criminal negligence in the past, but to meet, so far as it lies within our power, the very exigency which we have depicted as likely to arise. Precisely as Germany "speeded up" in the hope of securing a decision in her favor before the Allies could get America in, so should America put forth every ounce of strength to help to achieve something somewhere before Germany can get Russia in.

But doing all this need not and should not prevent simultaneous consideration of other equally dangerous problems to

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come, with a view to reaching correct solutions promptly. For ourselves, we rejoice to say, we find the present situation fairly satisfactory; it is the only too obvious peril of the future that fills us with apprehension.

THE EVILS OF PARTISANSHIP

It is a pity that we cannot recast the old adage about laws being silent amid arms, or arms silent amid laws, and say *Inter arma factiones silent.* There is need of it, now more than ever before in all our history. There has been need of it before; or at least the evils of faction in wartime have been felt. In the Revolution there were Tories. In the undeclared French war there were Gallicans and Anglicans. In the War of 1812 there was the Hartford Convention; the reputation of which is the worst thing about it. In the Civil War there were Copperheads. To-day, apart from the Pacifists and Bolsheviki and what not else, there is too great an inclination to draw party lines between the two great parties, without thought of the effect upon the national welfare.

By this we do not mean to condemn or to decry criticism of the Government or the legitimate functions of an opposition party. We believe in criticism; and God knows the Government has now and then deserved it. We believe in an opposition party, watchful, alert and outspoken. But we do not believe in criticism or in opposition that is mere nagging or attempts at destruction. They should be instructive and constructive. Particularly, we do not believe, at a time like this, in supporting the Government's policy through thick and thin just because the head of the Government belongs to your party, or in criticising and condemning it simply because you belong to the other party.

Such factionalism has not, of course, universally prevailed. Some of the strongest disapproval and criticism of the present Administration have come from members of its own party, and some of its strongest support has come from the opposition party. Yet now, with a general election looming in the distance, there is an obvious inclination to draw party lines sharply and to seek party advantage at the polls —we will not say, at the cost of national interests, but at least without so far exalting them above mere party considerations as we could wish.

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We have said that this has been done before. It is interesting to recall what happened in 1862, though without any suggestion that it should be repeated. Faction raged fiercely against the Administration at that time, not in spite of but because of Lincoln's war policy. Dissatisfaction and denunciation prevailed. The one supreme issue was whether the Government, in the midst of the great war, was to be supported or not. On that issue there was an almost nation-wide reaction against the President and his policy. The great free States of the North went against him—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois. The Democratic opposition in the House of Representatives was increased from 44 seats in the Thirty-seventh Congress to 75 in the Thirty-eighth, and the Republican majority was reduced to only twenty. In fact, only the three "Border States" saved the Republicans from being placed in the minority and saved the Administration from having to face a hostile majority in the House. Lincoln's shrewd policy toward Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, and the presence of Federal troops in them, caused those States to return Republican delegations and thus saved Congress for the Administration. Two years later, in 1864, there was a still greater landslide in the other direction, the Administration being overwhelmingly supported.

It must be recognized that our governmental system, as differentiated from the systems of European States, gives not merely opportunity but also some measure of provocation for such factional movements. That is because we have fixed terms for Congress, fixed dates for general elections, and an Executive irresponsible to Congress—save in extreme cases, of impeachment. Whether we wish it or not, therefore, we must have a Congressional election every second year, and when an election is held, it is extremely difficult to suppress or to prevent factional rivalries. In Great Britain it is possible to avoid such an opportunity for partisanship by the simple expedient of extending the Parliamentary term. The present British Parliament was elected in December, 1910, for a term of not more than five years, and met in January, 1911; so that it has already exceeded its normal term by more than two years. In such fashion, quite impossible here, the rousing of party passions in a general election, and the danger of an enforced and perhaps detrimental change of administrative policy are avoided; and

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they may continue to be avoided until after the end of the war.

While thus a stability and continuity impossible here are secured there, the British—as also the French—system provides for a degree of flexibility and responsiveness to public sentiment and adaptation to changing needs also impossible under our system of a fixed Executive and irresponsible Ministers. While Parliament remains unchanged, numerous changes have been made in the Cabinet, and doubtless will hereafter be made whenever they seem desirable. That is because the Prime Minister and his colleagues, unlike our President and Cabinet, have no fixed terms, but have a tenure dependent upon the will of Parliament. There can be no question that the Cabinet changes which have occurred in both Great Britain and France have been beneficial and have resulted in increased efficiency in the prosecution of the war. What changes would have occurred here, had the Executive been dependent upon Congressional approval, may be an interesting subject for conjecture. It is quite conceivable, however, that one or two changes might advantageously have been made.

There can, of course, be no thought of changing our system at this time, if indeed it is ever deemed desirable so to do. We must continue with fixed terms and with irresponsible executives. But it may well be submitted, both to political leaders and officials and to the people, whether it is not possible for us, in this time of supreme need, voluntarily and in a measure informally to secure for ourselves the chief advantages of the one system while retaining the form of the other. We must have a Congressional election this year. But it should be possible for us to exercise a restraint upon partisan passions and ambitions, so that the aim of all will be not to win a majority for this or that party, but to secure the election of a House composed of the best men—the best men for the present crisis—regardless of party affiliations. Similarly it would be commendable and honorable in the Executive, although quite secure against removal by a hostile vote, to seek continually to command the confidence and approval of the representatives of the people.

In such fashion, while retaining our present system, with its undoubted advantages, we should also enjoy the advantages of the other systems. We should have a continuity and stability of policy, and yet a flexibility and a responsiveness to the will of the people. We should avoid the spectacle of

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patriots lambasting each other at the hustings instead of slaying the Huns in the trenches.

ENEMY SPEECH MUST GO

THE speech of the Hun must be abolished in America. That is evidently the widespread popular judgment, backed up and enforced to an increasing extent by official authority. We referred last month to the then steadily growing movement for the exclusion from the schools of German textbooks obviously designed as agents of Teutonic propaganda, and for the discontinuance of the teaching of the German language, unless to a limited extent in some of the higher grades. That excellent movement is meeting with a gratifying measure of success, and it is now being appropriately complemented with another for the suppression of the German periodical press. Some of the foremost German newspapers in the country have voluntarily suspended publication or gone out of existence altogether—if we may call that voluntary which is done under overwhelming moral compulsion or in prudent anticipation of legal constraint. In many places, including some of the largest cities, newsdealers will no longer handle German papers, and in some places there have been issued municipal ordinances or administrative decrees forbidding under penalty the sale of them.

This movement is being much discussed, pro and contra, a few prominent American papers affecting to consider it intolerant and short-sighted; though apparently on altogether mistaken grounds. The notion seems to prevail with them that the purpose of the suppression of the German press is to prevent German propaganda, which is quite erroneous, and which, if it were true, would stamp the movement as futile. Of course, German propaganda should be suppressed and prevented, by any means which may be found necessary. But it would probably be not at all necessary to abolish the German press for that purpose, since it is of quite insignificant importance as a propagandist. Its utterances can be watched just as carefully and just as thoroughly as those of the English-printed press, and can be dealt with in the same way. Moreover, German papers are read only by Germans, and it is not so much to them that Germany aims to present her propaganda as to Americans. Thus one line of propaganda in an English-printed paper would be more effective

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for Hunnish purposes than a column in a German sheet.

It is therefore not for that reason that the German press is denounced and is to be abolished, but rather because its existence is at all times inimical to American national unity. It retards the growth of Americanism among a numerous class of immigrants and their descendants. It prevents or delays the political assimilation of naturalized citizens, and makes for the perpetuation of an alien element in the state. Such things are great evils. It is obviously desirable for all immigrants to become not merely legally naturalized but also mentally and spiritually acclimated and assimilated, so that they will think American thoughts and get into practical and controlling sympathy with American institutions and with the spirit of American democracy.

That desirability is generally conceded, excepting by Germans. They too generally deny and resist it. Of all the immigrant elements of our cosmopolitan population, Germans have ever been the most insistent upon retaining the language of the Old Country together with its manners and social customs, and have been most reluctant to become thoroughly Americanized. In consequence, there have long existed in various parts of the country populous German colonies, in which German is almost exclusively spoken and read, together with great German societies and leagues existing in all parts of the country, the avowed object of which has been to perpetuate German speech and German customs in this country, and to keep the affections of Germans in America fixed upon the transatlantic Fatherland. Nor are the members of these colonies and societies, and the readers of German papers all actual immigrants. They are largely the children and more remote descendants of immigrants. Thousands of people who were born in this country and whose progenitors for several generations were American citizens, speak and read the German language by choice, and cherish German customs and German ideals above those of the United States.

That is an exceedingly undesirable state of affairs, and it is very intimately associated with the maintenance of the German press in this country. It is thus associated in a dual manner, as both cause and effect. It is largely the cause of the existence of the German press, because it creates a demand for it. The German press in America exists because there are so many people who want it and are ready to sustain it. On the other hand, this large alien population is in a sense

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an effect or a result of the German press, because that press, by supplying the wants and catering to the sentiments of immigrants and their children encourages them to neglect to learn English and to remain alien in mind and spirit.

How great an evil this is may be seen from the examples of other lands. There are various bi-lingual or polyglot countries in the world, and in every one of them the diversity of language has militated against national unity and has been a fruitful source of trouble. That has been the record of Canada, where of all countries in the world there is the most excuse for duality of speech. In South Africa the language question was for years one of the most formidable causes of friction between Afrikander and Outlander. In Belgium the difference in language has been one of the chief causes of disagreement between Fleming and Walloon. Austria-Hungary has long been notorious for its numerous language-problems, which have frequently led to government crises and to violent revolts.

Like causes produce like effects; and with all our patriotic pride we cannot maintain that this country is so superior or so exceptional as to be exempt from the common rule. We do not want, we must not have, such language problems in America. To avoid them it will be well to discourage as far as possible all alien prints, save as they may be desired to serve a temporary purpose. When numerous immigrants come hither who are unable to read English, it is doubtless better that they should have papers in their own language than none at all. But the existence of those papers should not in the least restrain them from learning English as rapidly as possible, and when they have done this they should substitute English for foreign papers. To regard the alien press as a permanence, intended to cultivate and confirm the permanent use of foreign tongues in America, is thoroughly reprehensible and indicates a lamentable failure to understand the spirit of the American Republic.

Entirely apart from all this, however, and quite regardless of what may become of the other alien press, this thing seems quite indisputable: That when we are at war with a country, whose avowed object is the subversion of our civilization and the substitution of its own, it is worse than folly to tolerate the continued and active existence of an agency which, voluntarily or involuntarily, makes for sympathy with that country. The patrons of the German press in the

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United States either are or are not loyal. They sympathize either with America or with Germany. If they are not loyal, if they are pro-German in their sympathies, then without hesitation they should be treated as enemies and should be deprived of their alien prints. On the other hand, if they are loyal, if they sympathize with America against Germany, they should demonstrate that fact by renouncing German prints and German speech and identifying themselves with the nation in language as well as in all other respects. In either case, the alien enemy tongue should be silenced.

WHERE WE LET JUSTICE FAIL

ANOTHER international tribunal of justice has come to naught. Perhaps it is too much to say that that at The Hague has entirely failed. Monstrously flouted and defied and temporarily crushed into nothingness it has been, by the brutal treason of the Hun; but we must hope that after the Blond Beast has been slain the great court, founded amid so high and noble aspirations of humanity, will be rehabilitated in far more than its former strength. For the time, however, and for the greatest occasion which the world has ever known, that court and all the fine conventions which surrounded it, have failed in utter nothingness.

The second failure is of lesser magnitude, and has passed with immeasurably less notice, yet in itself it is of much importance and it reflects upon this country a reproach of responsibility which we should gladly have escaped. We refer to the abandonment of that Central American Court of Justice which was designed to be, and which for a time actually was, to the five Central American Republics what the Permanent Tribunal at The Hague was to be to all the world. Indeed, the lesser court was in intent and organization the more perfect and relatively the more potent of the two.

There was much need of it. Those five states had for a hundred years had a peculiarly troubled history. Therefore their resources had remained undeveloped, their progress had been checked, and they had become a byword among the nations. In this court it was purposed to end their troubles by assuring the unbroken prevalence of peace and justice among them through the substitution of law for violence. Never did a community of nations more gracefully, confidently or

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auspiciously submit themselves to a mutual moral suzerainty.

In that fine achievement the United States was peculiarly interested. It was under moral obligations to be, as atonement for the past. For it must be confessed that this country had not dealt well with its southern neighbors. At the very beginning it had discouraged the splendid aspirations of the Panama Congress. Later through the deviltries of Walker, the buccaneer, it had incurred unmeasured resentment and suspicion. At other times it had shown itself more ready to exploit sordidly than to aid generously. It was therefore gratifying to have our Government invite the five states to hold a conference under its benevolent auspices at Washington, and there, with its moral participation, to enter into treaties for their common welfare.

That conference was epochal; in no respect more than in the establishment of the court at San Jose. For the first time in the history of the world a company of sovereign states, "for the purpose of maintaining unalterable peace and harmony in their relations, without in any case being obliged to have recourse to the employment of force," created an international tribunal composed of jurists who were to devote their entire attention to its duties, and bound themselves to submit thereto for settlement "all controversies and questions which might arise among them, of whatsoever nature they might be, in the event that their respective chancelleries had not been able to reach an agreement." We are not sure that in its external activities the United States ever did a nobler thing than when it acted as moral sponsor for that achievement.

It was ten years ago that the court thus established began its work, and it promptly proved itself as efficient in practice as it was exalted in theory. Numerous causes were submitted to it, some of them of a character that without it would probably have provoked destructive war. In fact, it was recognized by all that at least two international wars were averted by its jurisdiction, as well as several domestic insurrections. Its judgments were rendered promptly, and were unhesitatingly accepted as authoritative and binding. It presented for some years to the world an unprecedented and inspiring spectacle of once turbulent states dwelling harmoniously under the sway of a public law analogous to private law—an example which the world might well have emulated.

But a few weeks ago that tribunal was abandoned and

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dissolved, with no promise of its ever being restored; and for that catastrophe it is difficult entirely to free the United States from blame. The chief cause of offence was the treaty which was made between Nicaragua and the United States in 1913, to some provisions of which the other states objected. Thus it was held that Costa Rica, Salvador and Honduras fronted upon the Bay of Fonseca equally with Nicaragua—as they certainly do—and that therefore Nicaragua's cession or leasing to us of islands in that bay and commanding all its shores was a matter of legitimate concern to those states. Again, Nicaragua conceded to us the sole right to construct an interoceanic canal across her territory; while it is notorious that the San Juan River, which would certainly be a part of that canal, forms the boundary between Nicaragua and Costa Rica and is therefore half owned by the latter state.

It would be idle to pretend that these expressions of concern on the part of the three states were not well founded. That fact was practically conceded by our own Government when the Senate, in ratifying the treaty, stated that nothing in it was intended to affect any existing rights of those states. But that well meant declaration was really in itself offensive, since it was practically an agreement between the United States and Nicaragua concerning the interests of other nations; which should, of course, have been extended so as to include those nations. It naturally did not satisfy them, and they asked the United States to let the matter be passed upon by The Hague. We must feel a large measure of regret and shame to say that this request was refused by our Government.

As a last resort, the three states carried the case to the Central American Court of Justice, which decided the suits of Costa Rica and Salvador in their favor. Nicaragua, feeling secure in the quasi protectorate of the United States, denied the authority of the court and disregarded its judgments. After that there was of course only one thing to do. A court repudiated and flouted by its own makers could not longer exist.

For this unhappy ending we must hold ourselves trebly responsible. Our first error was in making such a treaty with Nicaragua without at the same time negotiating with the other states which, by our own admission, were legitimately interested in some of its terms. A capable diplomat should have perceived at the outset that Nicaragua had no monopoly of the Bay of Fonseca or of the San Juan River, and would

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have deemed it just and politic to consult the states which shared her interest therein. There is little doubt that the three would have been ready to listen to proper representations on the subject, and to have come to equitable terms which would have made our position there much stronger than it could possibly be under a treaty made with only a single Power.

The next error was in so cavalierly refusing to submit the case to the tribunal at The Hague, and thus repudiating our own professions and, worst of all, throwing the dispute back to be fought out among the Central American States themselves. While reference of it to the San Jose court was doubtless proper, it would have been still more appropriate to send it to The Hague.

Finally, we erred in not exerting diplomatic influence to compose the controversy, after it had been carried to the Central American Court and Nicaragua had shown her unfortunate inclination to disregard that tribunal. It should have been possible for us, even at that eleventh hour, to satisfy the just demands of Honduras, Costa Rica and Salvador, and to have saved the San Jose court from being discredited and dissolved. Whether it is now possible to undo the mischief already done, and to reestablish the court, is a grave question, which our Government cannot morally afford not to try to answer in the affirmative. It would be an everlasting reproach to us to have that tribunal vanish after ten years of beneficent existence, because of our own inept or sordid diplomacy.

AMERICAN PROPAGANDA NEEDED

THERE is urgent need of American propaganda in the Allied and neutral countries. It may seem strange to say so. Americans have traditionally been reputed experts in the art of blowing their own horns. Among ourselves, indeed, there is plenty of talk. Perhaps there is more talk than information; yet in spite of the official ostrich-attitude we fancy that reading, reflecting and clear-minded folk are getting an increasingly comprehensive notion of what is and what is not going on. But talk among ourselves and knowledge among ourselves are very different things from information about us among other nations.

A year ago or less we were talking fifteen to the dozen

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about having anywhere from twenty to fifty thousand airplanes in service by this time, and about having a million and a half trained soldiers marching toward the Rhine. Of course, intelligent Americans, to the manner born, discounted all such flub-dub pretty much as it deserved. They knew that while such achievements were what we should perform, there wasn't a ghost of a chance of our doing them. But people " over there " didn't discount it. They took such talk at its face value. They had heard and seen so much of our boasted American enterprise and energy that they were quite prepared to expect any achievement by us, and certainly were inclined, as they had a right to be, to expect us to fulfil those promises.

And now Sidney Low tells them that after more than a year of our participation in the war we have precisely one airplane—just one, count it!—in France, and that Great Britain and France will have to continue to bear the burden of the war for a considerable time yet, before America can take any decisive part in it. In that he tells the truth, and the people " over there " believe him, though against their own wishes; and they wonder why there is so vast a difference between our promises and our performances. It is natural and indeed inevitable that they should thus wonder, because all the explanations which are familiar to us are quite unknown to them. They heard of our promises, and now they hear what Sidney Low says about our non-fulfilment of them, but they have heard nothing between the two. No wonder that they think it most almighty strange. We should hate to say out loud what they would be quite justified in thinking about it; and about us.

We need, therefore, American propaganda. We need that the American purpose and attitude in the war shall be made clear, and that our progress and in some cases lack of progress shall be frankly and truthfully reported and explained. To cite a few specific cases: Our Allies should be informed, not merely as Sidney Low has done it, that we have only one airplane " over there ", but also why there has been so exasperating a delay, and what a chance there is of better results now that a practical and capable man has been put at the head of the air craft business. In like manner, they should be informed of the reasons for delay in shipbuilding, and of the difference between Schwab and Denman, or Hurley, and what is likely to come of the change.

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In other words, there should be international co-ordination, in popular knowledge as well as in military command. We are all agreed that it was a fine thing to make Foch Generalissimo. It would be impossible to extend the same principle to civil government. But at least it would be possible to have all the allied nations completely informed of the doings of the others. There is an old saying and a true one that it is a fatal mistake for a defendant to mislead or to deceive his own lawyer. But it is certainly as bad for a Nation to deceive or at any rate to fail to inform fully its own allies.

We have been fully informed concerning our Allies. They long ago saw to that. They sent authoritative commissions hither to tell us what they were doing. Some of them maintain here permanent bureaus, commissions, or what not, of information, which are continually at work. They have done admirable work; tactful, helpful, all but indispensable. They have conduced to a high degree of understanding on our part of the condition, prospects and purposes of our Allies, and, consequently, to such appreciation and confidence as should always prevail among allies if their cooperation is to be effective.

That is precisely the sort of work which needs to be done by ourselves and for ourselves in European countries, especially in England and France; and we are not sure but that the need of it is greater than was the need of European propaganda here. That is because Americans as a rule have been and are much better informed about Europeans than Europeans are about Americans. Objectively, we are cosmopolitan; subjectively we are provincial. We are pretty well informed about the world at large; and we vainly imagine that all the world is as well informed about us. But it isn't. The intelligence which European countries receive concerning American affairs through the press is so meagre and ill-proportioned as to be little better than worthless, when indeed it is not actually misleading and mischievous.

Time was when we appreciated this need, and met it. In the days of the Civil War the Government was superbly served by Adams at London and by Dayton at Paris. But they were not enough. Their work was not merely supplemented but worthily complemented by that of our "unofficial commissioners," such as August Belmont, Thurlow Weed, Bishop McIlvaine, Archbishop Hughes and Henry

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Ward Beecher. The services of these men were simply inestimable in practical value. They expounded and pleaded the American cause as it could not otherwise possibly have been done. To officialdom, to business men and financiers, to social leaders, to intellectual leaders, and to the masses of the people, their appeal was direct with the force of personality, and it was effective. Of Mr. Beecher, whose mission ranged from visiting the Queen at Windsor to speaking to riotous mobs of half-starving workingmen at Manchester and Liverpool, it has been said that he confirmed the Sovereign and converted the subjects.

We need such work to-day, no less than we needed it then. It cannot, obviously, be done by our stated ambassadors, any more than it could have been done fifty-odd years ago; though, of course, it must be done under unmistakable official authority. Colonel House cannot do it all. Even such a unique superman as his amazing panegyrist portrays in the New York *Evening Post* would not be sufficient for the task, in addition to the multifarious other duties which he is supposed to perform at Washington, D. C., at Dallas, Texas, and Heaven only knows where not. Besides, he addresses himself to Kings and Presidents and Chancellors and Prime Ministers. But there are others who also need to be addressed. We cannot ask him to bear a message to the people. Yet that message must be borne.

There is at Washington a vast and costly establishment known as the Committee on Public Information. In its condition of chronic creelismus it may be a question whether its information is greater than its misinformation, or perhaps its obfuscation. But its existence affords an apt suggestion of the nation's greater need. That is, of a suitable agency of public information, not for Americans, who do not need it, but for the Allied and neutral peoples, who do most sorely need it, and who need it not for their own sake but for ours. They can, perhaps, get along very well without understanding us; but can we get along without being understood by them? If "coordination" is the talisman of success, is it not desirable to have coordination, not merely among the various departments of our own Government, and not merely among the various Allied Governments, but also among the Allied peoples who stand behind those Governments and without whom the Governments would be futile and impotent?

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We believe that one of the most creditable and most profitable things that our Government could do, would be to invite, perhaps informally or even formally, as a commission, two or three representative citizens to take the lead in a systematic American propaganda in the Allied and neutral countries. They should be men representative not merely of the Government and certainly not merely of a party, but, in the amplest and most unmistakable sense, of the American people and of their spirit in this war. Their purpose should be not to whisper in the ears of distinguished personages or to essay any of that secret diplomacy which we have renounced and repudiated, but to make American policy and American purposes known in the widest and therefore most effective manner, so that friends and foes alike may justly understand what is meant by America's participation in the war.

There is no man in the nation so eminent or so pre-occupied that he would not be honored by such a mission and that he should not be ready and eager to accept it. There is none who is suited for it and whose undertaking of it would be of value to the nation, whose political antecedents or whose partisan affiliations should debar him from being chosen for it. "It's war we're in, not politics," and it is in ungrudging recognition of that fact that patriotic propaganda should be directed.

SAVINGS AND GAINS OF WAR

War is not all waste. The enormous sums which are being raised by taxes and loans, which are being appropriated by Congress, and which are being expended by the militant departments of the Government, are not all to be lost, blown away in powder and shot and sunk to the bottom of the sea. Some of them will, of course, thus be disposed of. There is an appalling amount of waste, of necessary as well as of wanton destruction of property; more, proportionately, in this war than in any other. Uncounted millions of dollars worth of shells and of other devices for use exclusively in war are being utterly destroyed. All this is in addition, of course, to the unspeakable ravages on the land, the razing of cities and forests and orchards, and the supreme loss of human life.

But not all of the money will be thus used. Not all the

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cost and effort of war is lost. Much of it, far more of it than we are likely to think, is of permanent value and profit in peace. By our so-called war expenditures we are conferring vast benefits upon the world entirely apart from that of merely winning the war—which is the greatest benefit which can at this time be bestowed. Note, for example, the work of the Shipping Board, upon which hundreds of millions of dollars are being expended. That is done on the immediate account of the war. If it had not been for the war it would not have been done at all. And the hundreds of ships which are being built will be used first of all to help us win the war. But they will afterward, for a much longer time, be used in the commerce of years of peace.

For years we have been lamenting, and with cause, our lack of an adequate mercantile marine and our consequent decline to insignificant rank among the commerce-carriers of the high seas. It will be a happy and most gratifying achievement to have that marine, lost to us in a former war, far more than replaced and America restored to more than her former rank, through the exigencies of another war. It would of course have been monstrous to plunge us into the war just for the sake of that achievement. But now that we are in the war for other reasons, it would be folly not to improve fully our opportunities in that respect, and in doing a great war work to do a comparatively great work for peace.

It is a great gain that as a result of this war we are becoming far more self-reliant as a nation and, in the noblest meaning of the term, more self-sufficient than ever before. Hitherto we have been dependent upon foreign lands for many essential articles which we could and should have supplied ourselves at home, if only we had had the ingenuity, the enterprise, the gumption. We have, for example, been looking to Germany for dyes and many other chemicals and drugs, of which the raw materials, ironically enough, came from our own country. If the war had not occurred, we might have gone on indefinitely in that fashion, dependent upon an alien land for necessities of industry and also of health and life. But when the war cut off that source of supply, through sheer necessity we set ourselves about the work which we should have done long before, and the result is that we are now in a fair way of supplying our own wants, perhaps even better than they were supplied by Germany. That great gain is a by-product of the war.

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The war is teaching us to practice intensive agriculture, and to improve all the land. The nation has been awakened to the discreditable fact that our margin of food production beyond our own actual domestic needs is very narrow, because we let so much of our land lie waste, and because we do not get as much from it, acre by acre, as we should; not more than half as much as Germany. The necessities of the war, emphasized by scarcity of food and high prices, have set us pretty vigorously to mending our ways. Waste land is being cultivated, and cultivation is being made more thorough, so that presently we may be making two bushels of potatoes or what not to grow where only one bushel grew before. Doubtless we ought to have done this without the stimulus of war, but we did not; and therefore we must regard with gratification the doing of it as another of the by-products of the war, of immense prospective value to us in the coming years of peace.

We are learning economy and thrift. It used to be said, not without truth, that a French family could live well on what an American family wasted. We are now learning to correct such habits, partly through the stress of high prices and partly under legal compulsion, and are effecting savings of hundreds of millions of dollars a year. This, too, we ought to have done without the war, but did not. The war has driven us to it, and we must therefore offset the enormous wastefulness of war with this great correction of the wastefulness of peace.

It seems probable that we shall also learn, because of the necessities of the war, to utilize far more fully some of our sorely neglected natural resources. The scarcity of fuel last winter set men to considering ways and means of making use of the gigantic water power which in many parts of the country is neglected and is running to waste, and the congestion of the railroads has already caused the Government to turn to the rivers and canals as supplementary or complementary channels of transportation. Our neglect of these latter has been one of the most discreditable anomalies of our economic history. Nature has endowed us with such a multitude of natural waterways as no other land enjoys, needing nothing but a little improvement to fit them for use; and also with a unique opportunity for the construction of artificial waterways of inestimable service. Yet for years we have not only failed to improve our opportunities, but

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have actually been going backward and abandoning the few waterways which we once utilized. Our chief enemy in this war, though not nearly as well endowed and adapted as we, has more than three times as great a system of inland waterways as we, and it is a fact of universal acknowledgment that to those waterways she owes a great part of her marvellous industrial and commercial achievements in time of peace, as well as her marvellous efficiency in mobilization and transport in time of war. It is not the least of the good services of the war that it is rousing us, through necessity, to give to this matter the attention which it deserves.

These are some, by no means all, of the good effects of the war upon our national economy. They cannot justify the evil of the imperial wretch who precipitated the war, and they cannot compensate us for the irreparable losses of the war. But they do afford an appreciable degree of consolation, and also of inspiration, in the knowledge that through the processes of the war we are promoting the industries, the profits and the blessings of peace.

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PATRIOTISM AND SACRIFICE

BY VERNON KELLOGG

After dinner in a Massachusetts Avenue house not long ago, a gentleman whose platinum-buttoned, heavily-corded white silk waistcoat indicated considerable interest in dress, and the means to indulge it, took up the matter, where the host had dropped it, of doing one's bit. The host had not said what he was doing. He didn't need to. Everyone knows who knows Washington to-day.

The gentleman of the indicative waistcoat said that as he could not get into uniform and there did not seem to be exactly the right place for him in Washington, he was going in for saving food. He was, in fact, limiting himself to two slices of toast with his morning coffee. He had long been accustomed to three, or even four. He was now living religiously up—or rather down—to two; never made an exception of a single morning, except, perhaps, Sundays.

Now, if everybody would do what he was doing, he said, one or two slices of toast multiplied by everybody would equal so many slices a day, which, in turn, would equal so much wheat flour, which would in so many weeks or months be so many tons saved for the wheat-hungry English and French and Italians and Belgians. He took a second Havana, and beamed patriotically and sacrificially on our group.

The last time that I was in Antwerp, proud old Flemish city of trade and wealth, was in March, 1917. It was after we had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany and were moving obviously on toward war. The Commission for Relief in Belgium was preparing to take its staff out of the occupied territory of Belgium and Northern France where we had been " relievers " for nearly two and a half years, and I was going out to Rotterdam where our food-ships unload,

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and then across to our head office in London to report on the situation inside.

It was not an encouraging situation. Ever since the first of February when the Germans had declared their danger zones about the United Kingdom, including all of the Channel, not a single one of our food-ships had reached Rotterdam. The stocks of food in our central depots in Belgium were dangerously low, and the communal depots could not be kept fully supplied. This meant that thousands, hundreds of thousands, of Belgians, who had heretofore got their food from the communal depots, were forced into the soup lines which were always provided for first.

In Antwerp, proud old city of well-to-do Flemish burghers and large families, formerly comfortably housed and fed, the soup lines had increased from fifty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand persons. The soup kitchens and lines themselves were multiplied, but the queues were stretched out to more than double length, and the waiting in them was long. Twelve women fainted as they waited in a single line one day. Half of the men, women and children in wealthy, proud, old Antwerp were getting food from the *soupes!*

Now, an interesting and wonderful and noble thing about this is that there was a way open to many of the *Anversois* and the other Belgians forced into the soup lines in the other cities and towns and communes of the country, to avoid the humiliation of the *soupes* and to have more food than they could get there. This way was, to work for the Germans; to go to Germany and work for high wages—at least, the German placards all over the city of Antwerp and all over the rest of Belgium promised high wages—in the German war factories, or to go to the Flanders front and dig trenches or cut up timber for the trenches, or do any of several things that the Germans much wanted these starving Belgians to do.

But they would not do it; they waited in line for a cup of soup and a piece of bread every day for weeks and months and years. And they fastened pieces of old rags on to wooden soles and wore them for shoes. And they made coats out of old blankets, and blankets out of anything. But they said little about this, and did not beam patriotically and sacrificially on other people, for everybody was doing it, and only we few Americans were there to listen and see, and we were mostly too busy trying to make sure that the soup kitchens

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had something to make soup out of, to find time to listen or look.

After seeing Belgium and France and England in war-time, I sometimes wonder if America is really in the war at all. There are men in uniform, and there are many posters of the Food Administration and the Liberty Loans, and I saw headlined in the newspapers only this morning the fact that an American sergeant had killed a German. More Americans will have killed more Germans by the time this is published, and the Germans will have killed—ah, I stumble at writing it!—perhaps even many Americans. But more than a million Frenchmen have been killed, and by the time this is published the English "Roll of Honour" will be near the million mark, too, for they are going dreadfully fast these days.

We Americans are patriotic, in this war; but, as for sacrifice, except for the few families already bereft of son or father and those more numerous others whose sons have already gone across and are justifiably suffering constant anxiety because of this, we have not made the beginning of a beginning.

The Food Administration has, indeed, worked us up gradually from "don't waste," through a "wheatless day," and then two, a week, and a "meatless day," with later an added "porkless" one, and "save sugar" and "save fats," to a pound and a half of wheat flour limit a week, or, if you are well-to-do and can easily buy many other things, to no wheat at all until the next harvest. And the Fuel Administration has had a "tag-the-shovel" day, and then some chilly Mondays, quickly returning to warmer ones when we objected. And the Treasury has asked us to make our investments in safe securities of lower interest rather than in less safe ones which pay higher interest when they pay any at all.

That, put roughly, is about the extent to which our patriotism has led us to sacrifice.

All this is not to decry the quality of our patriotism or its potency to lead us sometimes to real sacrifice. But so far it simply has not done it.

Perhaps it has not needed to yet. But the Food Administration seems to think differently. It has tried to make evident the opportunity for sacrifice, even if it has not really asked for it, because from what it knows of Belgium and

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France and Italy and England, it sees a real opportunity and a real need for a little American sacrifice in the way of eating.

Take the single matter of sugar, for example. Italy and France are now allowing themselves an average of about seventeen ounces of sugar a month per capita. We are "saving sugar" on a consumption basis of over one hundred ounces a month per capita. We do not eat quite all of this on the table or use it in cooking. We drink part of it at the soda fountains, and use up a much smaller part in various factories that produce neither edibles nor potables. But we do actually eat about eighty ounces a month.

Then there is meat. The English now get their meat on ration cards; also their butter, margarine and other fats. They allow themselves twenty ounces of meat, including poultry and game, a week. This is the weight as the meat comes from the butcher, including the bone. To encourage "self-suppliers", the Englishman who catches or raises his own rabbit may eat all of it without weighing it! But in this time of war, and sacrifice for the sake of winning it, we are eating meat, not including poultry and game, at the rate of fifty ounces a week per capita.

Again take the matter of the control of public eating places. There has been constant complaint from the housewife to the Food Administration that it was most discouraging to try to live up to the specific suggestions of the Food Administration appeal for food conservation when the hotels, restaurants, dining cars and clubs were not playing the game also. There was similar complaint in England.

What the Food Administration has done is to renew, more pressingly, its appeals to the managers of the public eating places, and just now it has been promised by a large group of managers of first class hotels and restaurants, that they will toe the mark squarely. In fact, they have offered to keep their toes a little behind the mark chalked down by the Food Administration, and have pledged themselves to use no wheat at all in their kitchens and dining rooms until the next harvest. That is a fine pledge; let us assume that it will be honestly and finely lived up to.

But what the English have done in this same matter is to take no chances—not that I do not prefer the American way, if it works. By Government order the actual quantity of food that may be served in the English public eating places

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is strictly and specifically limited. The present allowance of the staple foods is: meat up to the total of your meat card allowance, twenty ounces (as it comes from the butcher) a week; three ounces of bread at breakfast and dinner, two at luncheon, and one and a half at afternoon tea; one-third of an ounce of butter, margarine and other fats at each of the three meals, and one-fourth of an ounce at tea; no sugar at any meal or at tea except that one-seventh of an ounce per person may be used in preparing luncheon and one-seventh in preparing dinner.

This sounds drastic. It is drastic, and is drastically enforced, as anyone who has had recent experience in London hotels and restaurants can assure you. It is really approaching sacrifice in eating. I met a very hungry man the other day who looked the part; he had just come across from England.

England, all along the line, is backing up its appeal for voluntary support of food economy—they say "food economy" over there where we say "food conservation"—by legally enacted and enforced government orders under the Defence of the Realm Act. It is under this act that their Ministry of Food—we call ours Food Administration—is organized and endowed with large power.

The Food Controller of England has authority on a parity with that of the Admiralty or Ministry of War. Our Food Administrator has a very limited authority; he has achieved most of his results by appeals and agreement. He asks people not to hoard or waste food. In England, hoarding and wasting of food are crimes. Marie Corelli was fined three hundred and fifty dollars not long ago for hoarding. For similar foresight, a member of Parliament was recently fined and had his surplus private food stocks confiscated. A captain and steward and fireman of a small steamer were fined and sentenced in March to six months' imprisonment for putting twenty-eight loaves of stale bread in the boat's furnace!

Finally—because we must not make our catalogue tiresomely long—let us refer to the subject, always an all-important one in connection with food physiology and sociology, of bread; or, better, to widen it, of cereals—not meaning by this term breakfast foods, as has come to be a common American usage, but all of the food-grains, wheat, rye, corn, oats, barley, rice, et cetera.

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The French are a bread-eating people. The diet of France is 52% bread; 48% other things. We rely on bread for less than 40% of our eating. Any considerable limitation in the quantity and quality of bread in France means sacrifice. Well, French patriotism has led to French sacrifice in the matter of bread. All the wheat flour used in France is obtained by milling the grain at an extraction rate of 85%; that is, from every one hundred pounds of wheat, eighty-five pounds of wheat flour is made. We are milling at 74%.

This action of the French in milling at 85% means an inclusion in the flour of certain outer, rougher parts of the grain usually discarded from the flour for use as animal feed. This grey wheat flour is mixed with from 15% to 30% of flour made from other cereals, corn, barley or rice usually. When this mixed flour is baked into bread, the bread is doled out to the people on ration, by means of bread-cards. The ration adopted in March of this year is about two-thirds the amount the people have been accustomed to. The price of this bread is kept low by government subsidy, so that all may be able to buy the permitted ration, but the price of meat and other foods is so high that it is practically impossible for a large part of the people to make up the bread deficiency in their diet by increasing the use of other foods. The bread situation in France is truly one of sacrifice, of patriotic sacrifice.

Now we of America have a direct relation to this French sacrifice; we play an important part in connection with it; we play this part whether we wish to or not; we are unavoidably associated with it. We can ameliorate it or make it more severe. We have before us inescapably the question of whether to make it a greater sacrifice or a lesser one. Theoretically, I hear the loud answer of all of us: We will make it a lesser one; we will help those noble French, those wonderful French, those sublime French who are to-day carrying the torch of patriotism before the world.

Practically, our answer is less loud, though it is not a shameful answer, it is not wholly discouraging. But it is less loud; the reason of this is that the proper practical answer calls for a little sacrifice.

The situation is simply this: France has sent her men from the farms to the battle-fronts. She has had little fertilizer. She has lost several million acres of agricultural land to the Germans. She had bad weather for her crops

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last year. Altogether she is so reduced in food productive power that this reduction and the bad weather let her have last year but 45 per cent of a normal wheat crop. Even in peace time France produces less wheat than she eats. Always she must get wheat from outside; now she must import it on a wholly unusual scale; and it is just now that it is especially difficult to import.

Australia is simply too far away; it is impossibly expensive in tonnage, because of the time element, to get the Australian wheat. Some can come from the Argentine, a little from India. But the great bulk of the imports must come from America.

The situation is almost identical for England, Italy and Belgium.

This makes a great wheat demand on us—a demand far greater than can be met from our normal surplus. What to do? Nothing simpler than to point this out; but doing it—well, there is where our opportunity for a little sacrifice comes in. We must simply eat less wheat. What we do not eat can go to France and the other Allies. In the next three months, that is, until the next harvest, we should restrict our eating of wheat—not of cereals generally, but just of wheat—to one-half our usual use of it. If we reduce the wheat consumption of the whole country to a weekly per capita average of a pound and a half of wheat flour, we can still send overseas that minimum amount indispensable for their "carrying on." If we eat more, we can't.

But there is a considerable group of people in this country who simply must have more than a pound and a half of wheat flour a week. Bread is the most convenient and the cheapest of foods, hence the man who must make his money go farthest in an attempt to get even enough to eat must buy bread or the wherewithal to make it. The corollary is that some others must get along without any bread—that is, wheat bread—at all. Those of us who can buy other foods to take its place, as meat, fresh vegetables, and other cereals to be used as breakfast foods, quick breads and the like, must do it so as to keep the national per capita average down to six pounds of wheat flour a month.

We may call this sacrifice if we like. If we do, then here is a beautiful chance not only to be patriotic but to sacrifice something—our taste, perhaps, certainly not our health, for the best physiologists assure us of that.

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Those five hundred managers of first-class hotels and restaurants who met the other day in Washington and the day after in New York—for there was not room enough in Washington for them to stay over night—and solemnly pledged themselves to use no wheat at all in their kitchens and dining rooms from April 14th until the next harvest made a good start. A great many households have done the same. More ought to.

So much, then, for wheat and the opportunity it gives us for sacrifice.

Surely there must be other opportunities. The wheat sacrifice is merely the one that happens just now to be very clearly defined and very much needed. The others will reveal themselves to the man or woman looking for them.

Buying Liberty Bonds can be made a sacrifice. Cutting out one's luxuries and cutting down one's comforts in order to lend money to the Government and to the Allies is a sacrifice of sorts, although buying Liberty Bonds by transferring savings deposits or converting securities is hardly to be called that.

The thing to do is to try to visualize what the people inside the steel ring about Belgium, and the marvelous people of France, and the nobly muddling-through people of England, are doing.

Inside that steel ring about Belgium a whole people of seven and a half million imprisoned bodies and sorely beset souls has made constant, universal, terrible sacrifice for nearly four years to maintain a spiritual and (to the extent possible in the face of machine guns at street heads and in open places) a physical resistance to the German Juggernaut. The Teuton government in Belgium has kept up ever since the days of the invasion a persistent attempt to break down this resistance by brute force, insidious intrigue and open invitation to an easier life.

But the Belgians have chosen suffering and sacrifice rather than surrender of national and personal honor.

The French *morale,* after an inconceivable sacrifice of men, money and material, was never higher than now. England has given most of its best and is now giving the rest, and living a life of repression quite beyond our present understanding. All these people are making the superlative sacrifice. Our opportunity is beginning.

We must try to put ourselves somewhere near them in

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this common opportunity and need for individual repression of luxury and comfort. We are with them heart and soul and army and navy in this great struggle against darkness and catastrophe. But we must also be with them as individuals, as a hundred million earnest and eager individuals committed to go the limit. They are going the limit already; we must go it, too. When we get to that stage there will be nothing to this war but a winning. If we never get to it, there will be every chance of a losing. The Germans know this and they are counting on our selfishness. Are they making their usual mistake in judging the psychology of a people? Or are they, for once, not?

VERNON KELLOGG.

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ENGLAND'S FEMININE WAR WORKERS

BY LADY KENNARD

We see her photograph in every picture-paper, and every breeze that blows wafts to our ears another tribute to her name. And yet, how few of us have met her in the flesh: the woman who works to win the war? This not for the reason that her being is but chimerical, but for the fact that she works so hard that no time is left for play. Her services are voluntarily given, she boasts no uniform, she is not even honored by a number, often she has attained no distinction save a friendly nickname, for her tasks carry her beyond the haunts where people see and are seen.

I intend to give her first place in this, my thank-offering to my sex. The others will be dealt with later: the women who work and win promotion and decorations, the women with careers. It is not for me to decry them, but, as the women who have found *remunerative* work in war, they rank but second to those who have been content to find remuneration in satisfying the need war brings for altruistic effort.

The canteen worker, for instance. Her daily drudgery began with the outbreak of hostilities, and, when the fight is over, she will drop back to where she sprang from, usually a comfortable home where beds are made for her and dishes washed. Her social standing amongst feminine war workers is like that of the dustman in peace-time occupations. Her duties take her out in all weathers to do the nastiest kind of things, she is as necessary to this new life as was the harbinger of domestic cleanliness in days of peace, and as unappreciated. Life holds for her no promise of promotion, and her job is usually accomplished at night time and towards dawn, when all the living world is near to death. Even the soldiers she serves with sandwiches and coffee have grown to regard her existence as a matter of course, and grumble mightily when a buffet they patronize turns out to be, by

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chance, understaffed. Yet, how many of those soldiers have carried away her cheery: "God Speed!" as their last farewell, how many more have found her kindly sympathy their first realization of "Blighty"? I have known women—grandmothers at that—criticized as follows: "Oh, So and So?—*She* doesn't overwork herself!—yes, I believe she *does* work at a canteen" (oh, the intonation!) "but one never hears of her *doing* anything!" And then, I have helped such ladies to pack their little satchels with a few war bread sandwiches and a thermos flask, just at the hour when I myself was sitting down to a comfortable evening meal, and watched them from the window, hail a bus at the corner to take them an hour's journey to the station canteen which counts upon their presence for its being. I lived in the same house with one of them once, and, just occasionally, on raid nights, when sleep had been interrupted, I have heard her stumbling up the stairs towards three o'clock admittedly "very tired", but cheerful still, full of details about the raid, the bombs, and the delightful characteristics of the "Tommies" of the night's drafts.

More potent heroines, still less publicly acclaimed, are the scores of girls in their teens who have undertaken the same occupation in France. Nothing exciting there, mind you! No firing-line thrills, nothing of interest to see, still less of interest to do. Just the day's hard work and the difficult sleep of nights, paralyzed by cold in winter, dust stifled in the summer time. Their mails irregular, their friends forgetful, with hands coarsened and complexions spoiling, they have carried on and are continuing to carry on, thinking sometimes a little wistfully, as their letters prove, of the dances, the flirtations and the weddings happening at home.

A prototype to the above, unto whom, together with the Canteen Worker, is the highest honor due, is to be found in the Pantry V.A.D. She has passed no examinations, lacks all technical knowledge, and accepts, nevertheless, all those unpleasantnesses which are a portion of the unofficial subordinate obliged, for form's sake, to wear a uniform. All regulation V.A.D.s, secure in their regimental tabs and standing, are the first to scorn her, unto whose feet the paradise of "wards" is generally forbidden ground. Qualified nurses' probationers make her their drudge. Sisters pretend that she does not exist, and the committee which runs any hospital where she may have been gratefully accepted, long

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ago, as a worker, never again consider her, except to present her with a bill for broken china when she leaves, generally because of varicose veins or physical breakdown. Yet not an officers' hospital in England but would come to a standstill without her. She knows this perfectly well, because she alone can competently judge the work she has undertaken. She grumbles a little at home, pities herself in the pantry, and laughs a little, quietly, when she reads in the newspaper of the public vote of thanks tendered to the officials of her hospital. She has plenty of proof in daily life that "The Boys" know all about it and are grateful. That is all that matters, so she—carries on!

Before turning to the salaried workers of the war, this list, which aims at a Biblical standard in its motto: "—and the last shall be first," must include the woman who stays at home to keep her house in order. Home does not necessarily imply the one that she has planned and furnished in her early married days, before the war; it is usually someone else's "home", very far away, and, from her point of view, depressingly un-homelike. She is the woman who follows the drum, and whose journeyings may drag her from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Her income is dwindling, consequently so also is her household staff, and all the while her responsibilities are growing together with her children. She does a great deal of her own house work, all her own mending, and, incidentally, knits a number of soldiers' socks. She has plenty of time for thinking, whilst her husband, once a well-to-do city clerk, tramps the country in ill-fitting puttees, wondering why he was ever born. And her thoughts turn to a future in which things cannot but grow worse. The time will come when the raison d'être of it all will have faded into a series of cyphers on an envelope marked: "B. E. F." and when there will not even be the occasional evenings to look forward to which still mark "his" homecoming. But, at this period, she washes the baby, or turns her seam, or tidies a cupboard and—carries on!

Mark well the fact that these three: the Canteen Worker, the Pantry V.A.D. and the Woman who follows the Drum, are practically the only war workers who have systematically held to the same job since the winter of 1914, thus proving the metal of their soul to be of purest gold. For the alloy of human nature has ever been an almost universal lack of fixity of purpose.

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These are the women Victoria Crosses of the war, and the following have earned the D.S.O.:

I will write of them in the order of their coming, as best I can remember it.

The birth of the Munition Worker occurred in the dark ages. Her advent was first whispered, then publicly rumored, and only became reality to me when a school friend turned up suddenly to dinner one evening, in overalls. "You don't mean to say?" I queried aghast, "that you've—?" "Yes, I'm making fuses," she announced. "And what is a fuse?" (I had been wanting to know for weeks!) "Well, I can't quite describe it," she said, "but I'm told that I'm awfully good at making them." For the first time in the history of our acquaintance that girl had pocketmoney, for the first time since I had known her she looked contented. I do not mean to imply that the one thing resulted from the other—she was not that kind. She was almost irritatingly happy and more busy than seemed quite nice. This all happened, you see, before the days when semblance, at any rate, of occupation became a necessary passport for mutual toleration and respect.

The Munition Worker lives on, more flourishing, perhaps, but less joyous nowadays than when, as pioneer, she scorned to conform to type. Dukes' daughters and factory girls still work side by side, but they have lost something of their sense of humor through the finding of a common level. Mostly spendthrifts whilst still in embryo, they incline towards vulgar ostentation when fully fledged, but they have those most human virtues: justice and generosity. Send round a penny collecting card into a gathering of their clan, and as much benefit will accrue to the charity, provided that it be a popular one, and judged deserving, as can be mulcted at social matinées. Cheerfully tendered, moreover, and, as often as not, anonymously. I have heard it rumored that these women are spoiled, that they have been overmuch considered and over paid. It is true that welfare centres have been instituted for them in hundreds, canteens and recreation huts provided, classes offered and lecturers sent there free of charge. Surely, however, it is wiser to exaggerate the good we try to do them than to risk exaggeration of the harm they might do themselves? And the army of women that sprang forward wholeheartedly to put their shoulders to a creaking, dangerous wheel, will never do more than threaten to aban-

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don it should bad times come, which cannot, at any rate, prove worse than those already sampled and surmounted!

Following closely upon the heels of the Munition Worker came the Government Clerk. She represented in pathetic hundreds the poverty-stricken ranks of the women whom life had overlooked. The bulk of those earliest volunteers who answered to the call for typists, shorthand writers, accountants and masters of foreign tongues was composed of the host of superannuated teachers, daughters who had elected to "stay at home and look after mother," and women doomed for various reasons to spinsterhood and oblivion. Imagination painted for them a roseate future comprising soft pile carpets, comfortable leather furniture and fires ever burning—an office Utopia, in short, to make up for life with a big "L," hitherto missed at home. At first they hardly realized the worth of "pay"—it was the material comfort for which they yearned. Disillusionment followed swiftly regarding this latter, but the weekly pay envelope taught them independence they had never thought to gain, plus self respect. Their juniors, better favored, less in need, marked the altered carriage of these derelicts, and instituted a veritable siege of Government Employment Bureaus. Work—paid work—was found for all, and its inauguration proved comparatively simple with results quite moderately satisfactory to the Powers at the Head.

Contemporaneous with the advent of the Munition Worker and the Government Clerk was the first appearance of the Woman in Khaki. I am not going to enlarge upon the score or so of denominations into which her original corps has since divided itself by reason, not only of its growing numbers, but also because of the immense scope of work it has undertaken in contemporary times. I have neither the space nor the technical knowledge necessary for such a dissertation. Even my unprofessional eye, however, has enabled me to judge of the extent to which she has become essential to the machinery of warfare. Equally so, my untrained ears have resounded to the tales of all that she has accomplished since those early days when one was wont to cast amused glances over small squads of perspiring women drilling in the spring sunshine of Hyde Park. That was in 1915, before conscription came. They were all "Tommies" then, these women, almost pathetic in their apeing of the training and uniform which had hitherto marked the man of war.

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They are commissioned officers now, and have in their hand the organization of an army dependent upon which are the most essential supplementary parts of the machinery of the trenches. They have grown into skilled mechanics, motor drivers, transport workers, military private secretaries, makers of aeroplanes and a dozen other things. They police themselves and work their own promotion. They represent the finest, strongest, healthiest promise of our race, for they are mostly the girls who will be the mothers of the future. Their hours are long and their work is hard—yet, of all the women war-workers I have seen, they look the most contented. No one smiles at them now, and they themselves smile out most radiantly upon the new military world which they have half created.

First cousins to them are the Women in Navy Blue, born later but no less efficient. These comprise the women policemen whose work is left for guessing, but to whose services each soldier man one meets pays tribute. And together with them can be classed the "Wrens" whose duties lie with the Senior Service, but whose coming has been so recent that they have not yet had time to prove themselves as a component part of a very splendid sisterhood.

My subject would be incomplete without mention of the Women Workers on the Land. Myself, I live in London, and have had, consequently, little opportunity of judging them. But, remembering my own innate recoil from answering that particular call when it appeared in every newspaper and on every placard in the city, and visualizing my frantic search for excuses for not doing so, I can but acclaim as heroines those women and girls who went. Imagination suffices amply for depicting all that is repellent in such duties—actuality could but prove more distasteful still! Every feminine instinct is outraged by a life which brings one out of bed at dawn and throws one into it again at sunset with bones and muscles at war; in the course of it she wears unbecoming clothes, handles blistering implements and comes into direct contact with every insect that crawls at each essential turning of the sod! And yet, not only did many thousands of women throw themselves into the breach at once, but they held to their job and are holding yet. It is not even as if they were well paid, for they earn but the meanest laborer's wage. Perhaps it is the fact that they are manipulating the very soil that fathers, brothers and husbands are

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dying to defend which has given them this power to carry on.

I have purposely reserved my epilogue for treating of the Nursing Service. No written words, however, could hope to do justice to women whose records have been graven in marble and preserved in the annals of empire. Tribute has been paid them in full measure by the only beings whose tendering could have been, by the nurses themselves, appreciated: namely, by the generals, officers and men for whom they have worked and, sometimes, died. Women like myself, debarred through force of circumstances from joining their ranks at the outbreak of war, have thereby forfeited the right even to acclaim them, except silently and in their prayers.

But the work of the regulation V. A. D.s who are their subordinates and destined one day to fill their ranks is still a fit subject for my pen. This work is undertaken, often without pay, in England and in France, by women and girls who flocked from every forgotten nook of the Empire in the earliest days of the war, and clamored for patriotic occupation. Such an army required many months of strenuous organization, and the only persons who could be spared for the task had to be preliminarily chosen from the units of the army itself. Confusion and misunderstandings came as an unavoidable result of amateurish legislation, and thereunto can be directly traced the multiplicity of carping criticism which this admirable institution has had to bear. All contumely, however, has died a natural death before the universal efficiency reigning now. The V. A. D.s are divided into numbered regiments, and on their shoulder-straps this number gleams, together with an initial, marking the town of origin. They have their colonels (or commandants), captains and non-commissioned officers. They wear an arm stripe for each year's service, and are in all things, and at all times, subject to strict military discipline, any infringement of which would be promptly reported to headquarters and dealt with there. Their scope of work covers extensive ground. According to rank, they may be deputed to any kind of occupation, from that of commandant of a hospital to that of ward maid. Some of their duties are civilian ones, such as office keeping, accounts, etc.; others relate entirely to the nursing profession. All depends upon a few preliminary first aid "exams" which some of them have passed, and others not. The only difference between these "official V. A. D.s" and those "unofficial," eulogized in my earlier paragraph, is to be

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found in the fact that the former have been officially enrolled at headquarters and appointed to a regiment or "detachment," as it is called, whereas their prototypes have missed this recognition through laziness or through ignorance, as the case may be. The official V. A. D., provided that she has the necessary qualifications and inclination, can become a hospital probationer after a set period of training, after which she passes into the eminence of the nursing profession, whither this article does not claim to follow her.

Let the *envoi* of appreciation which, it is hoped, will spring to the hearts of all who read these pages, be sent to the social workers of the war. I have placed them last upon the list so that they may obtain true worth of gratitude for all that they have done.

Does contemporary life admit of anything more suicidally wearisome than an hour spent in the querulous, treacherous atmosphere of a committee meeting? Or is there anything more unacceptable to the average and entirely untrained feminine intellect than the responsibility of organization? And yet the days of just those women whose career and training have fitted them for nothing but continuous pleasure are spent in "getting through" committee meetings and "getting up" entertainments, flag days, etc. They have given their men—gave these, in fact, more spontaneously in the first days of the war than did, in proportion, the middle and lower class; they have given an enormous percentage of their wealth; they have given, and continue to give, in ever increasing ratio, their time. And what, in this world, remains more precious than this same time, once the men have been taken and the money dwindles? One can go still further and point out that they have set an example of will power, fortitude and endurance which will, as much as anything accomplished by all the rest of the men and women of England put together, enable the nation to carry on to victory!

LADY KENNARD.

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JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND

BY JOHAN F. SCHELTEMA

The sacred armies and the godly knight
That the great sepulchre of God did free.

THE legendary lore of Jerusalem has a story to the effect that every year in the night of the 18th of March, namely, the day on which, A. D. 1313, the burning at the stake of Jacques de Molay marked the suppression of the Order of Knights Templars, whose last Grandmaster he was, an apparition disturbed the solemn quiet of their rubble-hidden burial vault at Ophel. Unsheathing his flaming sword, a messenger from heaven, clad in heavy armor under the flowing white cloak with the red cross that distinguished them during their lives, entered the place where they had hoped to find rest after their valorous deeds in the service of the Lord, and asked with thundering voice and awful mien: "Who, then, is to cleanse God's warriors of the stain that the Holy Sepulchre is still in Paynim hands?" And the poor, mortified knights of Christ, forced to an answer by their dreadful visitor's insistent interrogation, that broke the silence of their mournful repose over and over again, could only find heart for the feeble response, while they moved uneasily in their tombs: "None from our midst: our Temple is destroyed. Not unto us the task of reclaiming the Holiest; not unto us, O Lord!"

Henceforth the Templars can slumber calmly until they wake to the blast of the last trumpet. The grim spectre of reproach for unaccomplished vows is laid. It needed another Godfrey of Bouillon to do it and he has been found. After 673 years of continuous Muhammadan dominion since the Kharizmians, driven from their homes by the Tartar invasion and invited West by Sultan Ayyub, had ended the intermittent sway of the Franks in Jerusalem, an army commanded by Sir Edmund Allenby occupied the town on

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Tuesday, the 11th of December, 1917. His entering on foot by the Jaffa Gate, commonly called "the friend," made him fulfill, thanks to an ingenious if far-fetched play on his name, an alleged prophecy which predicted that "he who shall exalt Jerusalem among the cities of the earth will come to her unmounted, humbling himself before God (Allah) and the Prophet (an-Naby)." Whether it was foretold or not, last Christmas saw a British general officer as protector and defender of the Holy Sepulchre, a title which seemed dignified enough to the first Christian ruler of a domain whose royal sovereignty he had refused, because "a king should not be chosen where God suffered and was crowned with thorns."

Now, as eight centuries ago, when mediæval Europe set out on its oriental excursions prompted by devotional ardor, its fortuitously educational tours in the form of crusades, the capture of Jerusalem reopens the eternal question of predominance in the Near East, of control over the old-established routes of commerce by land with farther Asia. Yerushalayim — founded in peace! — an ancient hill-fort already in the time of Melchizedek, priest-king of Salem, who "brought forth bread and wine" to Abraham and blessed him, has sustained a full score of sieges in the ceaseless clash of arms for supremacy of trade; has consequently become a Babel of tongues and religions, a confusion of peoples and races, that do "not understand one another's speech" nor customs nor modes of worship. Christian, Jew and Moslem meet there on a spot consecrated by the origins of the dogmas that spiritualize their labors, each considering his faith the only true one. The very holiness of the place unchained tempestuous rage in dismal contrast with the hopeful mystery of final redemption from sin and sorrow, of the going up from the doom of evil to pure, immortal joy we attach to it. And behold, on that "theatre of nations," as Gibbon so properly calls it, the curtain is raised for another act in our world's great drama, an episode connected with our war of wars.

At one of the conferences held in London to devise ways and means for keeping within bounds the rivalries among the European Powers, intensified by the Balkan imbroglio, then worse confounded by the Turkish revolution, a diplomatist of long experience remarked that, after all, it did not matter very much whether he and his confrères in session could stave off a general conflagration which, if not precipi-

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tated by squabbles in the cock-pit of Eastern Europe, was sure to come anyhow on account of conflicting claims in Western Asia. Just there Syria with Palestine is one of the most coveted places in the sun, a traditional bone of contention. So much so that its map, dotted with battle-fields, can well serve for an illustration of military tactics and strategy in marches and counter-marches from prehistoric times to our present day. Rather loosely constituted in its component parts, it lacks precise boundaries as a whole. The term Palestine in particular has no positive geographic value nor does it convey the idea of a political unit. Running North and South "from Dan to Beersheba," the section of the mountain rampart between the Syrian desert and the Mediterranean so designated creates the impression of a projection of Europe along the latter's basin into Asia as Spain is a projection of Africa into Europe. Its Mediterranean climate, too, helped it to exceeding prominence among the meeting-grounds of East and West, made it a fit locality for the birth of the Messiah and the dissemination of His Gospel. Hallowed through His teachings and death, yet thereafter as before the scene of grievous dissensions, it has been cut up by the Sublime Porte according to the exigencies of Ottoman administration. The *liwa* (district or department) of al-Quds, lit. "the Holy," comprising Jerusalem and environs under an independent *mutassarif* (prefect), covers a territory almost identical with the new testamental Judaea; Western Palestine is incorporated into the *vilayet* (province) of Bayrut; Eastern Palestine is under the jurisdiction of the *waly* (governor) of the *vilayet* of Suriya (Syria), who resides at Damascus.

For the government of alien subjects, says a close observer, the guiding word in the Turkish language is *akilâneh,* which means "skillfully." There has always been and still is much difference of opinion concerning the methods employed by the Turk in exercising his administrative skill, especially with regard to the infidels whose false invention denies the super-excellence of his faith. While a good many, and among them Christian missionaries of repute, who know him well, defend him as kind-hearted and naturally tolerant, others echo and re-echo the estimate associated with the Near Eastern policy advocated by the school of Bright and Cobden, which delighted in gibbeting him as "an irreclaimable ruffian who should be improved off the face of the earth as soon as

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may be." National aspirations and international jealousies had doubtless something to do with such extreme views, enmities engendered already during the crusades, ambitions culminating, for instance, in Napoleon's plans for Eastern conquest; clashing in divided counsels over Muhammed Aly's efforts to expand Egypt toward the Persian Gulf, in the Syrian troubles, in the Turco-Grecian and Turco-Russian conflicts—divers flamings up of the ever-smoldering Eastern Question.

After entering upon its modern phase with the treaty of peace concluded between Russia and Turkey at Kuchuk Kainarjy on July 21st, 1774, and affecting the Napoleonic wars, the Eastern Question was ignored—and for good reasons—at the Congress of Vienna and the subsequent Congresses of the so-called Holy Alliance. The Treaty of Paris established a system of guarantees which aimed at putting the Ottoman Empire under a sort of tutelage and would have facilitated its partition, a foregone conclusion since in 1699 the Peace of Karlowitz marked the beginning of its decline, if the interested Powers had been able to agree on their claims to the Grand Turk's heritage. The Congress of Berlin, revising the Treaties of Paris and London, emphasized the political doctrine that the Sick Man on the Golden Horn is responsible to Christian Europe for his demeanor in the domains still remaining to him after successive amputations. In Article 62 of the treaty which terminated and crowned its travail, it also recognized the protectorate of France over the Latin Christians in the Levant, without, however, specifying her "acquired rights," but discountenancing any attempt to change the *status quo* of the Holy Places. Far from clearing the situation with respect to those ticklish problems, the quasi-prophylactic reservation and injunction became in its vague phraseology a new source of contention. France, founding her privileges in the Near East upon numerous treaties and agreements which in the course of four centuries confirmed and amplified the Capitulations granted in 1535 by Sultan Soliman II to King Francis I, was not disposed to overlook Austrian and Italian encroachments on her protectorate in its widest sense, including her supervision of the Roman Catholic clergy, secular and regular, even though she is anti-clerical at home. Russia was accused of more zeal than discretion in her propagandism of the Greek Orthodox faith.

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Further complications ensued in consequence of the advent on the scene of Emperor Wilhelm II of Germany as the protector of the protestants in competition with Great Britain; as the protector of German Catholics on the strength of Pan-Germanic arrogations; as the protector of Islâm, too. In fact, chameleon-like, he revealed himself as willing and ready to pose for anything, to assume any rôle which could mask the real object of his visit in his real quality of an august commercial traveler, bent on smashing with his mailed fist all obstacles to a world monopoly for his firm, the house of Hohenzollern and—at a most respectful distance behind as a partner of slightest importance—Germania. If, a thousand years earlier, the Teutons under Arminius, annihilating the legions of Varus in the forest of Teutoburg, had made their debut as an essentially warlike people, increasingly opposed in the coming ages to classic civilization, that heirloom of the Latins they despised, their imperial exponent of our day, seeking an outlet in the East for their growing commercial and industrial energy, found also the Anglo-Saxons barring their path. Yet it was one of that race, Cecil Rhodes, who is said to have opened the Kaiser's eyes to the chances offered by Turkey in Asia as a stepping stone for conquest in the track of Alexander the Great to offset lost opportunities in Africa, improving upon the frustrated plans of Napoleon the Great. However this may be, rather than the spirit of Bismarck, apathetic to a degree in the matter of colonial ventures, it was von Moltke's that, in 1898, animated his Majesty on his picturesque journey to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, ostensibly undertaken to attend in person the consecration of the German Church of the Redeemer, built on the site of the long demolished Chapel of Santa Maria Latina, in 1869 presented for that purpose to his father, the then Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, by the Sultan Abd' al-Majid.

The diligently advertised, spectacular event reminded one of Isaiah's plaint: "Cry, O city; thou, whole Palestine, art dissolved: for there shall come forth from the north a smoke"; and the crowning ceremony on the Muristan gave fresh food for the conviction that history repeats itself. Had not Pope Gregory IX, excommunicating the other German Emperor, a Hohenstaufen, who graced the Holy Land with his presence, preceding this Hohenzollern by seven centuries, styled him a henchman of Mahound, the Antichrist, that

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traveled to Jerusalem not as a crusader or pilgrim, but as a pirate? Piracy takes a multitude of forms according to circumstances and times. Friedrich II appropriated by means of his marriage with Yolante, daughter of King Jean de Brienne, also the fair and pleasant "daughter of Zion" with all the territory she held, the principalities, counties, baronies and seignories that depended on her, to the extent his arms and diplomacy could prevail. Wilhelm II. of wider vision, thought of universal dominion, coveting continents. The gigantic enterprise, described in current parlance as the five B's (Berlin-Byzantium-Baghdad-Bassorah-Bahn), was to give him a kind of preventive mortgage on the Near and Middle East to start with. A direct result of the Kaiser's first visit to Sultan Abd'al-Hamid II in 1889, which inaugurated German ascendency in Turkey, it grew from the small beginning of the concession in the previous year of a railroad doubling the already existing one from Haydar Pasha on the Bosporus, opposite Constantinople, to Ismid, some sixty miles in length, and to be run through to Angora. Between 1893 and 1896 a branch line was constructed from Esky Sheher to Konia (Iconium). On March 5th, 1903, Zihni Pasha, Turkish Minister of Commerce and Public Works, and the President and Directors of the Anatolian Railway Company signed the convention which provided for an extension from Konia instead of Angora, as in von Pressel's original plan, to the Persian Gulf, by means of the Imperial Ottoman Baghdad Railway Company. Paid for by loans negotiated through the intermediary of the Deutsche Bank, this Pan-Germanic triumph raised in the Central Empires an enthusiasm by which the depth of disappointment at the scheme's impending collapse can be gauged.

The news of the recent happenings in the Holy Land, while the British army in Mesopotamia holds the projected railroad's main eastern station, carries indeed evil bodings for its completion and later exploitation under German management. Throwing back the Turkish troops that were to invade Egypt, and following the way of Philistine migration, the British army in Palestine seized in rapid succession Beersheba and Gaza, the key, as Napoleon considered it, of Syria to the North and the Nile Delta to the South. After the taking of Askalon on the 9th and of Jaffa on the 17th of November, a halt was called to wait for the French and

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Italian contingents despatched to participate in this modern crusade, led in turn by Sir John G. Maxwell, Sir Archibald Murray and Sir Edmund Allenby, warriors of no less prowess but greater discernment and political sagacity than their famous predecessor, Richard of the Lion Heart. Though Hebron was found evacuated, the enemy offered resistance at Bethlehem and several other places whose names conjure up images of peace and good will rather than murderous combat. In the night of the 8th of December the Turkish garrison withdrew from Jerusalem and on the morning of the 9th the civil authorities came forth with a flag of truce to surrender the town. To quote the *cinque cento* poet once more:

> The walls were won, the gates were opened wide.

. . . . . .

Like General Maude's proclamation to the inhabitants of Baghdad, General Allenby's to those of Jerusalem, read in four languages at the base of the Tower of David, immediately after his unpretentious but none the less highly impressive formal entrance of the town, was a model of soldierly statesmanship on lines quite different from the threatening declaration promulgated as an earnest of Jeremiah's prediction by Cyrus, King of Persia. In his dispositions for a wise exercise of his functions as military governor of al-Quds of the Moslemin, General Allenby showed also much necessary tact. One of his orders provided for the continued Moslem guardianship of the Qubbah as-Sakhrah in the Haram ash-Sharif, the chief Muhammadan shrine on the sacred hill where Jehovah had hovered in a cloud; where David had seen His angel, standing " between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand "; where Solomon's temple stood and the new one that replaced it, and Herod's temple; the silent corner of the high place where the Avim and the Anakim used to sacrifice in their prehistoric age; where Hadrian raised an altar to Jupiter, turning the city of the son of Jesse, which is Zion, into the Roman colony of Aelia Capitolina. So, with respect to the Bayt al-Maqdis, the home of the sanctuary, prospective Moslem subjects were appeased and propitiated by measures calculated to impress upon them Great Britain's solicitude for their religious needs and wishes, on a par with the substitution of a British for a Turkish guard to the caravan that conveys from Cairo to Mecca the *kiswah,* the annually renewed covering for the

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Ka'bah. Notwithstanding the Emperor Wilhelm's assurances to successive Grand Signiors at Stambool, the German attitude toward Islâm compares most unfavorably with these attentions: General von Falkenhayn, for example, directing Turkish operations from Aleppo, has scandalized the true believers, by establishing himself with his *giaur* German staff in the principal house of prayer there, the *jami'* Zakariya, where tradition points out the grave of that righteous doubter, John the Baptist's father.

Reasons accumulate why Sir Edmund Allenby, pushing on from Jericho for a junction with Sir William R. Marshall, commander of the late General Maude's army in Mesopotamia, should prove as formidable a hindrance to the realization of the Kaiser's oriental dreams as Sir William Sidney Smith was to those of Napoleon. A junction as contemplated, after the taking of Mosul, by an armament moving northward from Baghdad, and the armament now proceeding from Jerusalem toward Damascus and Aleppo, reinforced, perhaps, by troops from Cyprus, descending upon Mersina or Ayas to occupy Adana, would mean the cutting of the lines of communication between Asia Minor and Syria with Arabia. General Marshall is badly hampered by the failure of disintegrating Russia to second his movements; General Allenby, on the other hand, has in his favor the support given to him by allied Arab tribes, that harass the Hejâz Railway and swarm up east of the Jordan, covering his right flank. His victorious march to Aleppo and Killis (Mustimieh), the meeting-point of the Syrian railways with the railways east to Ras al-Ayn in the direction of Mosul, and west and northwest to Alexandrette, Konia, Haydar Pasha and Smyrna, might settle the fate of the Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire, at least in so far as their southern portion is concerned, despite its secret treaty with Germany, which guaranteed Turkish rule in those regions. The initial wresting of Palestine from the Grand Turk's clutch augurs well for the consummation in the near future of the "bag and baggage" policy, conformably to the words of the Qurân (chapter of *al-araf*, that is the partition between paradise and hell): "Unto every nation there is a prefixed term; therefore when their term is expired, they shall not have respite for an hour, neither shall they be anticipated."

The ultimate restriction contained in this pearl of wisdom, fallen from the mouth of the Prophet, is highly pertinent to

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Palestine at a new parting of the ways in her fortunes. Provisionally under martial law, administered by a British military governor, with the British flag flying dominant over Jerusalem and the French and Italian flags hoisted over French and Italian property such as convents and schools, whose will the Holy Land be to have and to hold after the conclusion of peace? Prized beyond estimation for its religious associations and of the utmost strategical value, especially to Great Britain as a bulwark to Egypt and a coign of vantage for the protection of an overland route to India more direct than the German Baghdad Railway, it possesses only moderate attractions in an agricultural or industrial sense. Though a large part of the Jordan valley can, no doubt, be reclaimed by irrigation, elsewhere there is little room for the farmer's or live stock raiser's pursuits, except in the plains of Esdraelon and Sharon, and Upper Galilea. At this moment no more than about four or five thousand square miles of its soil are under cultivation. It has no navigable rivers. Its mineral wealth consists principally of some phosphate, some traces of rock-oil in scattered localities, and sulphur and asphalt in the vale of Siddim, collected by the gatherers of salt on the shores of the Dead Sea, the Lacus Asphaltites of the Romans and the Bahr Lût, Lot's Sea, of the Arabs. Malaria asserts itself severely and so does the insidious sore which in its most malignant varieties blossoms out as the vexatious, unornamental Jericho boil or Aleppo button.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Palestine has known a good deal of immigration even before the Hebrews came and the Philistines and the Greeks, who populated the cities of Decapolis, and later the Arabs. In 1856, six years after Ludwig Ross began to advocate German colonization in the Holy Land, a number of Americans settled in Jaffa, but their experiment miscarried: some could not stand the climate and died; the survivors moved away. More success attended the " Temple " colonies founded by Christoph H. Hoffmann of Wurttemberg, also in Jaffa, in Hayfa, Sarona, Rephaim and Jerusalem. Moslem Circassians, seeking refuge from Russian attempts at conversion, were given new homes by Sultan Abd'al-Hamid II on the east banks of the Jordan and along the Hejâz Railway, and developed that region according to their primitive notions of husbandry. Sinking artesian wells, building dams for water storage, draining the

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country and covering it with eucalyptus plantations to keep off the malaria, the thousands of Russian Jews who, equally in search of religious freedom, fled to Palestine between 1881 and 1914, did rather better; and their thriving colonies, of which that at Petah Tikwah is the oldest, are now consolidated under the auspices of the Palestine Colonization Association after having been financed at a loss by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. Whatever industrial concerns exist, handicapped by lack of coal and iron, are also mostly owned or managed by Jews, notably the tanneries and dyeshops, the soap factories at Nabulus (Shechem) and the trade in oranges at Jaffa. Thanks to Hebrew activity, the slender material resources of the Holy Land were increasingly utilized up to the breaking out of the war. And, strengthening the claims based on the relations between ancient Palestine and Israël, these obligations of modern Palestine to the Israëlites of the present dispensation have doubtless influenced the intention of the Powers of the Entente, formulated by Mr. Balfour, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to establish for the Jewish people after their long wanderings and mournings for the palace that lies desolate, a national home in the shadow of Mount Zion, its corner-stone and foundation.

JOHAN F. SCHELTEMA.

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GRADES OF MEDICAL OFFICERS IN THE ARMY

BY MAJOR LOUIS L. SEAMAN, M.D.

A GRAVE crisis for the American soldier awaits the decision of Congress—a military question of most serious import—although to the casual observer it may seem comparatively trivial. It is embodied in the bills introduced by Mr. Owen in the Senate, and Mr. Hicks in the House, for "fixing the grades of the commissioned officers of the Medical Corps of the United States Army on active duty, and for other purposes," and is as follows:

> Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter the commissioned officers of the Medical Corps and of the Medical Reserve Corps of the United States Army on active duty shall be distributed in the several grades in the same ratios heretofore established by law in the Medical Corps of the United States Navy. The Surgeon-General shall have authority to designate as "consultants" officers of either corps—and relieve them as the interest of the service may require.
>
> Sec. 2. That the Medical Corps, through its officers, shall have supervision and control of the hygiene and sanitation of posts, camps, commands and troops under such regulations as the President may establish, with authority to issue and enforce such orders as will prevent or diminish disease, except that when such orders interfere with necessary war operations the military commander may suspend them.

All of which means as follows:

Shall the American soldier in the present war be sacrificed to preventable diseases, through red tape and the petty jealousies of Line and Staff officers—as has occurred to a frightful extent in past wars—or shall he be allowed to retain his health under the most advanced science of the age?

That is the real question Congress is asked to settle,—and when it is remembered that in every war in which the United States has engaged, indeed in all the prolonged wars

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of history (except the Russo-Japanese War), the medical officer has had to combat the foe that has caused eighty per cent of the mortality—never less than four times, and often twenty times as many as the artillery, infantry, mines and all other methods of physical destruction combined, there should be no question as to the result.

The Surgeon General of the Army asks for higher rank for the members of his Corps—that they shall be graded the same as in the Medical Department of the Navy—because it will add to the prestige of the Corps, and thereby increase their influence. Unquestionably increased rank will have some effect, especially when it is remembered that the Reserve Corps to-day constitute over eighty per cent of the total Medical Corps of the Army, and is made up of the cream of the American medical profession. But at the hearing before the Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate on March 15th, when discussing sanitary regulations and recommendations made by medical officers, Senator Owen said:

A brigadier general of the line does not hesitate to disregard advice bearing on typhoid fever or pneumonia which is given by an officer of subordinate rank, and unless the Medical Department has rank it is difficult for the line officers to realize that the advice which the medical officer gives should be taken upon the basis of its merits and not upon the basis of the rank of the one who makes the recommendation. Upon that point I think General Gorgas should explain to the Committee his opinion.

Gen. Gorgas.—I think that is the real argument from the standpoint of efficiency for this increased rank.

Later Senator Hitchcock asked this question:

Suppose a division commander or a camp commander refuses to take the advice of a medical officer—advice which the medical officer deems essential: Has he any way of bringing it up to you, and can you issue superior orders to compel the recognition of the medical officer's advice through your rank as compared with the rank of that officer?

Gen. Gorgas.—Cases of that kind are constantly coming up, where the medical officer disagrees with his division commander. He sends it up through the adjutant general. You know, I am just an advisory officer. I have no direct authority anywhere. The adjutant general sends it over to me practically for advice, but my action would go with regard to it. If I concur with the medical officer, the Secretary and adjutant general would take it into consideration. Of course, they are the final authorities in the matter.

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Sen. Hitchcock.—The Secretary and the adjutant general would finally decide the question?

Gen. Gorgas.—Yes.

Sen. Hitchcock.—So that your power is only advisory?

Gen. Gorgas.—My power is only advisory.

Sen. Hitchcock.—And even if there were a brigadier general on the spot, his powers would be only advisory?

Gen. Gorgas.—In the Medical Department? Yes, his powers are only advisory.

Sen. Hitchcock.—So that mere rank does not give authority?

Gen. Gorgas.—It does not give authority.

Thus it is seen the medical officer or department in the Army to-day has no authority. Without some authority—which may be exercised without interfering with the strategy or military operations of war, i. e., when the army is not actually engaged in battle—it is possible his department may again prove a humiliating failure, as it has in every war in which our forces have ever engaged. I have been present, either as an officer or observer, in eight wars—in every continent in the world—and I assert that the medical officer in our Army has not even the privileges which would enable him to maintain the health of the men who are entrusted to his care. He selects recruits because of their youth, health and physical ability to withstand the hardship of war. It should be his business, first, last and nearly all the time to maintain this condition—and he would do it if given adequate authority. Then, if he failed, he should be court-martialed and dismissed from the service. But he has no authority—not even over the ration. The vast majority of diseases which incapacitate an army result from auto-intoxications, which could be prevented by proper dietary. Witness the Spanish-American War, where in a period of three months, as stated in the report of the Surgeon General, "293 men died from battle and other casualties, and 3,681 from disease"; and in this army of 170,000, there were 158,000 hospital admissions, or ninety per cent, although three-fourths of the men never left the camps of their native land. The Japanese army had for the same period about four per cent hospital admissions, *including their wounded,* or about 1/22 times as many. The vast difference in these figures illustrates the value of a medical and sanitary department properly equipped, and empowered to enforce practical sanitation and supervision of the dietary. I believe that if this department had been properly systematized, with

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sufficient numbers, with supervisory control over the ration, and with power to enforce sanitary and hygienic regulations, the units of our Army would have returned to their homes at the close of the Spanish-American campaign in better physical condition than when they entered it.

Disease is the silent foe that lingers in every camp and bivouac. It is this foe, as the records for the past two hundred years prove, that has been responsible for four times as many deaths as the guns of the enemy, not to mention the vast number of invalided, and pensions, the cost of which every twenty-five years is equal to the entire cost of the war from which they resulted.

Every death from preventable disease is an insult to the intelligence of the age, and when it occurs in the Army, where the units are subject to discipline, it becomes a governmental crime. The State deprives the soldier of his liberty, prescribes his hours of rest, his exercise, equipment, dress, diet, and the locality in which he shall reside, and in the hour of danger expects him, if necessary, to lay down his life in defense of its honor. It should, therefore, give him the best sanitation and the best medical supervision that the science of the age can devise. For just as surely as the engineer who disregards the signal, or the train-dispatcher who gives wrong orders, is responsible for the loss of human life which follows, so Congress is responsible for the thousands of soldiers' lives stupidly, criminally sacrificed,—not on the glorious field of battle, but in camps from known preventable causes. It is for these men, never for those who fall gallantly fighting, that I offer my prayer.

The rank of Surgeon General should be commensurate with the importance of the department of which he is the head. He should be a member of the War College, and responsible only to the Secretary of War, or to the President. There should be conferred upon him and his subordinates final authority in all matters of sanitation and hygiene, except in the emergency of battle, when, of course, all authority should devolve upon the officers of the line.

The importance of the medical as compared with other Staff departments has never been sufficiently recognized or appreciated in our country. Until it is clearly realized that the most important function of the medical officer is the prevention of disease rather than its cure, the old custom will prevail. To be efficient, the medical officer must not

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only be a good surgeon, but a sanitarian, a bacteriologist, a chemist, and an administrator. Upon him devolves the duty of preventing disease, and his part in maintaining the effectiveness of the units makes him a most important factor in the military establishment.

The following resolution was submitted by the writer at the meeting of The International Congress of Military Surgeons in St. Louis, 1904, and, after favorable report by the Executive Committee, was unanimously adopted:

> Resolved, That the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States now assembled, respectfully petitions Congress at its next session to reorganize the medical departments of the United States Army and Navy on a broad basis similar to that of the countries most advanced in military sanitation, giving to their officers equivalent rank, dignity, and power, and to their personnel ample numbers for the proper care of the ill and injured in military and naval service.

The adoption of the bills introduced by Senator Owen and Representative Hicks will go far toward rectifying a humiliating failure—one which, if the present war is sufficiently prolonged, may result in the defeat of our army, for more wars have been decided by disease than by bullets.

LOUIS L. SEAMAN, M.D.

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THE JEW IS NOT A SLACKER

BY LEWIS P. BROWN

The foreign born, especially the Jews, are more apt to malinger than the native born.

THUS we read in the original manual of instructions for the Medical Advisory Boards connected with our selective draft. In the present manual this anti-Jewish remark has, by order of the President and the Secretary of War, been deleted. Had the remark been made in one of the less advanced of the European countries to-day, it would have occasioned little or no surprise. But in America, and coming from an official source, it is, to say the least of it, rather staggering. An attempt to account for its appearance and for the unhappy anti-Jewish prejudice it is but one manifestation of, gives rise to much interesting speculation.

Now there is no evidence whatsoever to prove that the foreign born Jews more often malinger than the foreign born non-Jews. Similarly it cannot be shown that the Jews, foreign born and native together, are less loyal to their country than are their non-Jewish compatriots. (On the contrary, according to the Bureau of Jewish Statistics the Jews, who form hardly three percent of our total population, have produced over four percent of our total armed forces.) How, then, shall we account for this anti-Jewish prejudice? How is it that even in official circles the notion obtains that the Jew is an almost consistent "slacker"? The prejudices of common people can be completely attributed to ignorance. But not so the prejudices of more or less intelligent and fair-minded officials. How much truth, then, underlies this opinion concerning the Jew?

It seems that at least this much is true: that flagrant instances of malingering on the part of Jews do at times occur. Such instances are marked not by their frequency so much as by their intensity. And because of this intensity they impress

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most deeply the minds of those brought into contact with them. That is probably why the impression obtains that " especially " the Jews malinger. Officials connected with the draft boards tell us—and, it seems, very truthfully—that there are some Jews in this country to-day (fortunately they are very few) who will go to almost any length in their attempts to evade conscription. They will involve themselves in a whole maze of lies, they will perjure their souls and maim their bodies rather than serve in the army. They are "slackers ", of course, but yet their " slacking " is not sneaky, mean, and " yellow". It is " red "; it is imbued with a peculiar zeal and passion. It is a type of " slacking " altogether anomalous —and also for that reason, most impressive—to the American born and bred.

For of course, these strange "slackers " are, almost to a man, neither American born nor bred. They may well be termed un-Americanized Jews. And any intelligent understanding of the existing notion that the Jew is a " slacker " presupposes an intelligent understanding of the life and history of this un-Americanized Jew.

The un-Americanized Jew is one who lives in this country but is not yet essentially a part of it. He is just what his name implies—an *un*-Americanized Jew. He is usually a newly-arrived immigrant. Sometimes he has lived here a decade; sometimes two; seldom more than that. Often he is already a naturalized citizen of America—political status makes little difference to one's method of thought and life. But most usually he is still a complete foreigner in this land. He is usually from Russia; but that is merely because the latest wave of immigration to this country happened to be from Russia.

What this un-Americanized Jew thinks of war can be quite briefly told. He thinks it the ugliest institution on man's earth. He hates war; he hates everything that smacks of war. Therefore he will seldom enlist of his own free will. He will seldom even submit unreluctantly to conscription. Rather he will sometimes malinger unblushingly. He will often strain every nerve—and pull every wire—in his attempt to evade the draft. And he will make his attempt not shamefacedly and with downcast head, but deliberately, almost proudly, without a qualm of conscience.—There is nothing to be gained in attempting to deny these facts. I am a Jew and a right brother to this man, but I would not attempt to

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deny them. Of course, I deplore them; I am thoroughly ashamed of them; I am exceedingly glad they are true of but very few Jews; but nevertheless, I cannot deny they *are* true of those few. I know it is just because those facts are true—no matter of how few—that the impression does exist that *all* Jews are "slackers."

But, though I am thoroughly ashamed of my brother's conduct, I find it difficult to blame him for it. He is far less at fault for his aversion to war than is the saint for his aversion to vice—or the "idle rich" for their aversion to work. This terror of war is bred in his bones; he imbibed it with his mother's milk. His whole soul rebels at thought of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of war". If this un-Americanized Jew sometimes attempts to evade conscription, there are many reasons for it.

In the first place, he is a foreigner, and as such, intellectually averse to war. War, he thinks, is waged only for conquest of territory. Patriotism, he believes, is merely one man's love for another man's country. When you tell him we are fighting for Democracy, he goes to the atlas to see just how large Democracy is. He cannot conceive of waging wars for ideals. In the "old country" they do not wage them —at least, not that kind.

In the second place, he is a Jew, and as such, emotionally averse to war. He is constitutionally antipathetic to physical violence. He has nothing of the berserker in him. His mediæval teacher, Maimonides, cautioned him to avoid extremes and, willy-nilly, he has done so most religiously. And war is entirely a matter of extremes. . . . The dashing heroism we Occidentals so greatly admire, the heroism of those who go out into the wild places of the earth and wrestle with soil and beast and fellowman, that heroism is in part a mystery to him. It puzzles him and he feels lost when he meets with it. However, he does not despise it. The animal within him is not so dead but what tales of wild adventure will strike responsive chords within his breast. Yet he realizes only dumbly that that *something* stirring men to stake their all on one mad fling against the Infinite is a something that partakes of the divine. And that something remains foreign to him always —until he is Americanized.

Not that he is devoid of heroism now. But his heroism is less primitive, less glaring and spectacular. His life is not like the rocket which rends the dark with one red flash and

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then, sputtering, dies out. It is rather like the candle which, through the long hours of the night, flickers dimly in the window of the cottage on the moor. He does not claw the naked earth amid the mountains of the West. He rather claws old rags and bones in some foul cellar on Hester Street. He seldom dreams of martial glory or of empire and dominion. He longs rather to teach his son to read the *Chumish* well. He will die for his convictions as his fathers died before him, but quietly and seriously and without gay bravado.

It is not that the martial spirit is non-existent in the Jew, but that it has been almost crushed beneath centuries of servility and oppression. And is that at all surprising? After but four centuries under Roman rule the Britons lost almost entirely the sense of fight. Is it any wonder then if after fully twenty centuries under far worse than Roman rule, without a country and without a right, these Jews seem also to have lost that sense of fight?

Powers neglected tend to atrophy. Fish in subterranean streams will lose the sense of sight. Ducks out of water will lose the ability to swim. And so men unable to use physical force lose altogether the sense of fight. Their bodies wither, and if they are to live their minds must now protect them. Their minds must become wily and sharp. Their whole life must become cerebral. They must live by their wits.

Now that is just what happened with the Jew. Early in this era he lost his country and his freedom and found himself adrift in a wide unfriendly world. Of course, had his people combined and united, then, no matter how small, it might yet have attempted to resist further aggression. But in a little while his people was scattered to the four corners of the civilized world, was scattered everywhere from England to the Upper Nile, from Portugal to the Caucasus. By the might of his arm it was impossible for him to prevail. And yet to live and to live a Jew he felt it his God-given duty. Well then, since he would preserve his life and physical prowess could not avail him, he had to fall back upon mental acumen. Since it availed him naught to whet his sword, he filled his coffers instead. It was not that the Jew was inherently a financier. But he simply had to collect shekels or else—he had to die. And collecting shekels for centuries long he soon forgot altogether that there was another weapon with which to fend off aggression. So when he was attacked he did not even dream of physical resistance. He had no confi-

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dence in his own fighting powers, and his comrades were few and unable to aid him. All he could do, then, was bribe. And he bribed right and left with his hard-earned shekels—can you or I blame him for that? He was fighting for life and he had but one weapon—money, money, and money alone. Rebel, fight, resist with armed force? Good Heavens, no! He had not done that for centuries. How could he attempt it now? How could he?

That is why this brother of mine is to-day estranged from the physical. That is why emotionally he is averse to war. He has not played that game of death for nearly two milleniums. Yes, *once* he was a mighty warrior (do you remember Samson, Saul, and David,—*and the Maccabees?*). But *now* . . .

Can you wonder then if his sallow cheek blanches when of a sudden he is called to go out and kill? Can you blame him then if his bony hands tremble when ordered to go and shed blood?

But that is not all.

Many of these un-Americanized Jews are not afraid of this war merely because it is war. For those of them from Russia (and the majority of them are) it has a further and more poignant terror—the draft. Our draft recalls to them that other draft. It recalls to them the Russian draft with all the misery it entailed—its cruelty and torture, its foulness and despair. They remember how it would tear them from their homes, from their sanctified tables and hallowed synagogues, and would thrust them out among brutes of men, bestial Cossacks, who took delight in crushing their already half-crushed souls. It recalls to them those ugly years of unclean meat and unclean men and unclean thought and life. They see again in this, our draft, the darkest cloud in the dark sky of their dark Russian days.

That is why many of these un-Americanized Jews are so fearful of this draft—they think it a return to the Russian way of life. So, as in Russia, they feel it only right to strive their utmost to evade it. In Russia it was as rare to see a Jew graciously submit to conscription as it would be to see a Belgian happily submit to deportation. It was considered almost a duty of the Jew to attempt to escape conscription. It was literally true that the three great events in the Russian Jew's life were birth, exemption, and death. I have heard of and known men who lived for months on foul bread and water that

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they might be too slight and weak when their time of service came. Men swallowed vials of the fieriest of spirits that their hearts might wildly palpitate when their examination came. Men bribed with their last *kopecks* the corrupt officials of the Czar, that they might remain in quiet and escape those years of pain. Can you blame them? I cannot. My father, my grand-father, and my great grand-father did it, and, had I been in their places, I would have done the same.

But that does not mean I would attempt it here. I know that here conscription assumes a far different aspect. I know that here the soldiery is clean and fine and manly. I know the officers are decent, fair, and honest. I know that the ideal soldier here is not the sneaking bully but the hail-fellow-well-met. Yes, *I* know all this, but—and here lies the root of the evil—my un-Americanized brother does not.

Can you wonder, then, if he is sometimes a "slacker"? He cannot help it. He knows no better. For all he knows our soldiers may be but newer Cossacks, and our President in war-time but another *Ivanye Ganov*. And for his ignorance and for his dread of war he deserves not harsh censure but rather kindly sympathy. You who walk free and lightly through the terrors of the hour, remember that he, poor foreign Jew, stumbles heavily beneath the burden of twenty centuries of unremitting woe. Shall you then ask him to walk with your alacrity and sprightliness? If you would measure him by your standards, then aid him to be like you. Teach him your ways and your thoughts. Americanize him. Do not ridicule and deride him. There is much that you are learning and will learn from him. Do not sneer at him; do not scorn him. (It is just the sneers and scorn of the *Goyim* that make the Jews so clannish.) But approach him sympathetically and he will readily respond. It is the sun and not the storm that makes the rosebush flower. . . .

If his obstinacy should make you lose patience—and patience runs very short in war-time—remember that the work of centuries cannot be undone in a moment. Just bear with him a little—until he is Americanized. You will find it worth your while.

LEWIS P. BROWN.

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THE GOVERNMENT AND WAGE-EARNERS' INSURANCE

BY FORREST F. DRYDEN

The most striking achievement during the year 1917 in insurance matters was the substitution by the United States Government of a well-considered plan providing for protection to the military and naval forces of the United States against death, illness and accident in place of the present pension system. While in the strictly technical sense of the term the plan cannot be considered as insurance, since the premiums are totally inadequate to meet the probable loss that will be experienced under conditions of warfare without a parallel in military or insurance history, nevertheless, the Government measure emphasizes the fact that life insurance has now become a public as well as a private necessity. If further proof were needed, it is found in the approval which has met the operations of the War Insurance Bureau. The amount of war-risk insurance issued on the lives of those in the military and naval forces of the United States is now more than fourteen billion dollars. To clearly emphasize the magnitude of this achievement it should be pointed out that this amount is more than the total insurance in force in the five largest companies in the United States, and the youngest of these companies is more than forty years old.

As has been said, it should be borne in mind that the premium paid by the insured is admittedly inadequate, the theory of the plan being that the premium charged the insured is fixed at a yearly net term rate based on conditions of peace, the Government assuming the payment of the extra premium created by the war hazard. No insurance company could provide this protection at the Government rates without drawing upon the funds contributed by other insurers, the use of which without the policyholders' con-

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sent would be an illegal diversion of their funds. In addition thereto, the extent of the hazard is so stupendous that few private companies, if any, could sustain the loss which will be entailed. The plan, as adopted, was, therefore, necessarily one for the Government and not for private operation.

The companies, however, have been able to render valuable assistance toward the success which has been secured. Through their combined agency force, as well as by direct appeals from their officers, they have been largely instrumental in inducing its universal acceptance by those for whose benefit it was created. The only substantial criticism made against the plan was that the Government should eliminate the premium feature in its entirety. As the amount which the insured pays is an insignificant portion of the cost it was urged that any individual contributions might be eliminated, in order to avoid possible discrimination and not leave unprotected those who needed its protection most. It was felt, however, by the framers of the bill, as well as by Congress, that it was desirable that the individuals constituting the Army and Navy should feel a personal responsibility for the protection of those dependent upon them, and that in addition thereto they should not be placed in the position of mendicants, but that it should be clearly recognized that the Government was assuming only the war hazard which had been created by reason of their response to the Government's call. The universal acceptance of this protection has largely, if, indeed, not entirely, nullified criticism along these lines, and the fears of those who expressed this view have not been realized.

The profound change in the universal appeal which life insurance makes to the average citizen has occurred since the Civil War. At that time the amount of life insurance in force was insignificant, and notwithstanding that its value was even then clearly realized, its universal use was considered practically impossible.

During the long intervening period of years an army of life insurance agents has been effectively at work disseminating information on insurance and inculcating habits of systematic savings and thrift among every element of the population. First, however, as an effective agency in behalf of the rational thrift education of the people, credit must be given to the system of industrial insurance, established in the United States in 1875, upon the basis of the long-

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established principles of ordinary legal-reserve life insurance, modified to meet the needs and conditions of wage-earners and their dependents. Within less than fifty years this form of insurance has been developed to extraordinary proportions, not only in this country, but practically throughout the entire civilized world.

At the present time, according to a conservative estimate, the number of industrial policies in force in this country is about 36,000,000, providing not less than $5,000,000,000 of insurance protection. Since for obvious reasons the business is practically limited to the urban population of the United States, estimated for 1918 at 51,500,000, the per capita of industrial insurance may be conservatively placed at $97.00 for the population affected, or at the ratio of 70 industrial policies to every 100 urban inhabitants.

Primarily these results are attributable to the effective insurance education of the masses in systematic habits of saving. It is chiefly on account of the weekly-premium-payment system that voluntary deductions from wages on account of insurance have become a matter of habit, and it may safely be assumed that savings habits thus developed in one direction must, in due course of time, become effective in many others, and the conclusion seems justified that the wide diffusion and remarkable success of the first and second Liberty Loan subscriptions—and as this is written the outlook for the third is equally good—are largely due to the development of rational habits of savings through the instrumentality of industrial insurance. The service thus rendered to the nation at a time of national peril admirably reflects the broader aspects of life insurance as a social-service institution. The fact, however, must not be overlooked that in addition thereto the industrial companies have assumed their proper share of Liberty Loan subscriptions. Every dollar thus subscribed represents the savings of wage-earners through these companies, aside, of course, from their financial interests in ordinary insurance, which, within the last twenty years, has made extraordinary progress, in consequence of the effective insurance education gained through many years of satisfactory experience with insurance on the weekly-payment plan.

It is rather difficult to estimate with accuracy the amount of ordinary insurance in force with wage-earners insured with industrial companies, but it is a fact of enormous social

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and economic importance that, dating practically from only 1886, when active efforts at ordinary insurance development among industrial policy holders were first inaugurated, the amount of such insurance on January 1, 1918, in force with twenty American industrial companies was approximately $3,600,000,000 (including Canadian business). Of this vast sum, certainly not less than two-thirds represent ordinary insurance in force on the lives of American and Canadian wage-earners, aside from the more than $5,150,000,000 of insurance in force on the industrial plan.

In the history of American industrial society there is no more gratifying and conclusive evidence of genuine progress than the achievements revealed by these statistics of industrial and ordinary insurance protection in force among our wage-earners and their dependents, most urgently in need thereof. In the future unquestionably even more, and probably much more, satisfactory business results will be attained, but considering the difficulties arising out of apathy, indifference and suspicion, all of which had to be overcome in the development of both industrial and ordinary insurance among wage-earners in former generations, often ruthlessly exploited by promoters of visionary plans of mutual aid, by lotteries, by then-permissible forms of reckless speculation, etc., our insurance progress during the last forty years may properly be placed among the most notable evidences of a true civilization and of the attainment of an extraordinary degree of social and economic security by American and Canadian wage-workers, in the furtherance of plans of voluntary insurance, and without compulsion or coercion of any kind whatever.

There are those who are impatient with what has been done and who insistently demand the introduction of European systems of so-called social insurance, resting upon un-American principles of political and social life. There is unquestionably a legitimate sphere for State interference under conditions of exceptional national stress and strain, but it would be a most serious fallacy to assume either the necessity or the permanent advantage of a more general application of social-insurance principles to the wage-earning element of the population, influenced in their conduct by the higher standards of American labor and life. For, aside from the economic advantages of voluntary thrift and its obvious relation to the national welfare in time of war, the

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exercise of the voluntary thrift function is of the utmost importance as a factor in the moral progress of a people. A government may establish a compulsory system of insurance, upon the basis of experience gained through the successful conduct of private enterprise, but it may, after all, fail conspicuously in its effort to meet the social and economic, as well as the moral, needs of those concerned.

In a larger sense, all modern life insurance companies are social-service institutions. They are tending more and more towards the attainment of the highest possible degree of efficiency, economy and liberality. They are becoming indispensable subsidiary agencies of the Government in the furtherance of the larger plans and purposes of a well-considered national policy. Perhaps the most concrete illustration of the force of this conclusion is the rapid growth of so-called "Group Insurance." This form of insurance admirably combines the interests of the employer and the interests of the employee, in an effort to increase the economic security of the wage-earner's family in the event of his death or disability. The element of cost is reduced to its lowest possible proportions. The security itself is equivalent to that of a Government bond. The effect of a group insurance policy is to bind more closely together the employer and the employee and to reduce the economic waste resulting from an unnecessary labor turnover. More than this, however, are the higher humanitarian aspects, which influence broad-minded and far-seeing employers of labor to realize that the welfare of the employee and those depending upon him is to him a matter of paramount duty, the effective discharge of which is best facilitated by the application of insurance principles to the successful solution of a problem which in the past was left only too often to apathy and chance. The principle of group insurance will unquestionably be further perfected and its application will become more general, to the mutual satisfaction of both the employer and the employee. Group insurance, however, illustrates but one of the many unrealized possibilities of the further development of the principles of wage-earners' insurance on a voluntary basis. The future in this respect was never so full of promise as it is at the present time.

FORREST F. DRYDEN.

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A PEACEFUL REVOLUTION IN PENOLOGY

BY ORLANDO F. LEWIS

MEN's thoughts in general are not focussed in these days upon prison reform. Yet precisely in these years of the Great War there is occurring in the penological principles and methods of American prisons a fairly speedy and basic revolution. I do not refer to the honor system and to the daring experiments in self-government undertaken in Auburn and Sing Sing prisons since 1913. Those striking movements are already, not ancient history, but nevertheless aligned somewhat in their proper perspective in the historical sequence of reformatory steps in American prison administration. What I refer to is a still newer movement, revolutionary in its character, which has as its basis the utilization of scientific exploration of the make-up of the individual delinquent.

It is now well known that it is the purpose of the Government to conduct at each cantonment thoroughgoing psychological and psychiatric tests of the mentality of each of our soldiers. Already it is estimated, from tests now available for study, that some two per cent. of the military forces of the country are so mentally backward as to be of little or no available use in the defense of the nation. Never before has such an attempt been made to determine ability for war in terms of psychology and psychiatry. And, upon the results obtained from sporadic tests in several cantonments, the Government now purposes to apply the scrutiny of mental specialists to all of "our boys in khaki". The incompetents must be weeded out, that in the time of vital stress the military organization may not fall down in spots where the enemy might break through. And, furthermore, the incompetents must be weeded out at the beginning of the intensive training of the cantonments, in order that they may not clog up the machinery of military education, and that the Government may not be put to the useless expense of trying to edu-

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cate for war those whose mental capacity precludes the adequate assimiliation of such training.

The scientific study of mental deviations is no new thing. The insane have been housed in asylums for generations. We are familiar with the principles of the unchained, kindly treatment of the insane as sick persons, and not as those possessed of demons or of criminal natures.

But the Government is going much further than that. It is now saying that it can utilize a group of psychiatrists, to determine mental deviates who are far from being as conspicuously mentally defective as the insane, but who are nevertheless in many stages of mental incompetency.

From the comprehensive analyses of the psychiatrists and the psychologists there will be discovered not only mental deficiencies but mental abilities. It is anticipated that in many instances the special man for the special job can thus be quickly picked, and fitted into his proper niche in the great war machine. The cantonment is, until the sifting process takes place, a great melting-pot, a great multitude of still undiscovered potentialities. The slow process of military training is in itself a sorting process, but only as a by-product. What the Government hopes to do, through calling in the mental specialists, is to set up the sorting and classifying processes at the beginning, instead of relying solely upon the school of military training.

I have cited these remarkably progressive steps which the Government has taken, not only because they are little short of revolutionary, but because they are in the main but a highly-magnified parallel of the "new movement" in prison reform referred to at the beginning of this article. It is of no importance now to trace a possible connection between the psychiatrical research undertaken in Sing Sing prison, or in the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington, and the introduction of psychiatrical methods in the cantonments. It *is* important to see that what is now officially undertaken by the Government in the cantonments is recognized in an increasingly large number of correctional institutions as fundamental to an adequate effort to reform its inmates. The "new penology" of 1918 demands, in short, the absolutely necessary presence of the psychiatrist and his sorting system within prison walls. And to an extent not dreamed of (save perhaps by some psychiatrists) a few years ago, the *reform* of the individual prisoner is now seen to be, not merely

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a matter of change of heart, or of industrial training for life, or of determination to succeed, but of comprehensive individual *readjustment* of the individual's abilities and disabilities to the demands of the competitive life that he will enter at the close of his prison sentence.

Let me make this clear by tracing very briefly four outstanding historical stages in the conception of "reformation", as applying to the prisoner. The idea that prisoners should be reformed is over a century old.

As relating to adult offenders, and particularly to convicts, reformation connoted at first in the main a *religious, spiritual conversion.* It was not the job of the prison but of the chaplain or the occasional prison missionary to effect the reformation of the inmates. Prisons were conceived of as massive, towering, gloomy and even cruel deterrents of crime. Hence the inhumanity of the construction of Sing Sing between 1825 and 1830, with its catacomb-like cells, void of light and ventilation, sweating dampness and chill. Hence, also, the vicious rule of mass-movements and of perpetual silence; of ready floggings and of callous oblivion. The prison, and its administration, aimed to make the commission of crime a horrible danger through the terrific penalties. Into these Bastiles the chaplain might come, and save, here and there, a soul if he could.

Slowly our prisons came to their second stage in the conception of the meaning of "reformation". The opening of Elmira Reformatory in 1876 was both a proclamation and a confession. A proclamation that the duty of the State was to educate prisoners for subsequent self-support in the life after prison, and not simply to punish for the crimes of the life before prison. A confession, that terroristic methods in prison were a failure, if the sole method of administration. The second stage in American "reformation" was, therefore, a remarkably well worked out system of industrial, physical and school training; so surprisingly insurgent and modern, for the time, that it marked the beginning of the era of State reformatories of adults throughout the country. Only the convicts between the ages of 16 and 30 were thus favored in New York, but in other States fewer restrictions as to age or the seriousness of crimes were made.

With the establishment of Elmira Reformatory there was also introduced into the United States the indeterminate sentence, and its necessary complement, parole. The indeter-

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minate sentence abolished the fixed sentence, and set a maximum limit to the time of stay of the prisoner, at some time within which he might, if his industry and his conduct warranted it, be released to " try out his wings " on parole; under official supervision. In short, the advent of the reformatory system, with its grades within the institution, its varied branches of training, its indeterminate nature, and its subsequent modified liberty for the inmate outside the walls, placed the burden of reformation mainly upon the individual inmate. It was a system requiring intelligent understanding by the inmate, and responsibility for his conduct and activities.

A third stage in the development of the concept of reformation began to develop with the advent of the twentieth century, namely, the " honor system ", and still later, as applied to adult prisoners, the so-called " self-government " system. The last decade and a half have prominently emphasized *character-building* as a reformatory method. Trust the prisoner. Develop his sense of loyalty and responsibility. Put him into positions of temptation, that he may learn to withstand temptation. Bring out the good that is in him. Treat him as a human being. See his essential likeness to other men, not his unlikeness.

It appeared ultimately that there was no one " honor system ". Indeed, there was generally no definite system, but just a development of the elements of risk in prison administration through the granting of privileges to the chosen inmates. The honor system came into being when the possibilities of escape or of trouble-making by inmates became greater than the provision made by the prison for guarding against such possibilities. The honor system meant taking a chance—often a very long chance. Judge Lindsay sent boys and adults with their own commitment papers to institutions, unaccompanied by an officer. Warden Tynan, also of Colorado, worked gangs of prisoners on roads even more than a hundred miles from the prison, without the deterrent rifle or shotgun. Warden Homer, of Great Meadow Prison, New York, sent out farm gangs under similar conditions. And all over the country, between 1910 and the present date, wardens and superintendents have with increasing frequency tested successfully the feasibility of such acts, which often passed over into actual " stunts " in the public mind.

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Now, the honor system assumed the normality of the prisoner's mind. It connoted an appreciation of responsibility. If a prisoner ran away, it was frequently explained that a poor choice of prisoner had been made by the warden, because the prisoner turned out to be feebleminded. The honor system was, by and large, a quid-pro-quo arrangement. The warden gave increased privileges, in return for a definite or tacit agreement by the prisoner not to escape or to start trouble. The honor system therefore demanded of the prisoner intelligence to understand his ethical obligations, and of the warden it demanded personality and efficiency. Personality, because adherence to the obligations of the honor system focussed generally in loyalty to the warden, who must be thought of as square and as a " white man ". Efficiency, because a flabby, amiable, white man could not retain the respect of the inmates. The honor system was characterized by Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne as an integral part of a benevolent despotism. The relationship of the inmate to the warden was the basic factor in the success of the system.

As an insurgent departure from the honor system arose the self-government system, which is not yet beyond experimental stage in methods, although the principle underlying the methods is accepted fairly generally by at least the theoretical penologists of our country. The fundamental thesis of the self-government system is that all the results achieved by the honor system can be better achieved, and are of far greater social value, if they do not arise as a bargain between warden and prisoner, but as by-products of a mutual relationship between prisoner and prisoner. Freedom of mind and movement within the prison is necessary in order to train prisoners for the greater freedom after the prison life. But that freedom should be used to help the prisoner to understand his social and civic relations to his fellows. Hence the mutual features at Auburn and Sing Sing, the elections of officers and delegates by the inmates, the inmates' court, the entertainments and classes managed by the inmates. Theoretically, also, the warden should subordinate himself, and exercise little direct influence upon the prisoners' activities, having once defined the limits of the freedom of the prisoners. It amounted to an effort to create within the prison walls an approach to the complicated problems of democracy outside the walls. If politics raged outside, they were legitimate inside. By suffering injustice and even graft

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at the hands of fellow-inmates, the prisoners would acquire the sense of justice and of discipline, and would have a clearer conception of their own anti-social past in society outside.

The thesis was fascinating, and sufficiently correct to excite huge interest throughout the nation. Mr. Osborne's personality and insurgency added to the spectacular features of the Sing Sing administration between 1914 and 1916. But, for a number of reasons, this huge, unprecedented, tumultuous, popular undertaking carried with it enough of hemming and complicated factors to make it unclear, within the limited time of the experiment. Had Russia undergone revolution in 1914 or 1915, the apparently inevitable consequent political upheavals and social bewilderment might have had lessons for the self-government experiment at Sing Sing.

Let it not be thought that the undertaking in Sing Sing resulted in failure. Far from it. We are still too near it to be able to survey it comprehensively and in the light of ultimate results. But self-government, more restricted by considerable than in 1915, exists in Sing Sing today, with two quite contrasting opinions as to its efficiency and its scope.

We are now entering upon a period in prison administration in which the psychologist and the psychiatrist will have broad scope. Their fundamental thesis is that all reformatory methods are liable to failure—and have largely failed in the past—for the simple reason that the individual delinquent has not been thoroughly known. Therefore he could not be thoroughly treated. Each single prisoner is a separate, and often highly complicated, problem. How expect that even a group - treatment, let alone a mass - treatment, could be effective? Indeed, it is not primarily a question of *reformation,* but of individual *readjustment.* Of what avail, in the securing of high percentages of " reformations ", are shops and honor systems and efforts at self-government, if a considerable proportion of the inmates of prison are mentally so deficient or erratic as to make it impossible or improbable that they can be regarded as responsible, or that they can go out into the world and earn their own living in the hard manual or physical way in which the bulk of prisoners have to work, if they are to keep out of prison again?

For nearly a decade, increasing doubt has been expressed as to the mental normality of the prison population in general. We have been passing through an era of psychological

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" tests ", applied to the inmates of correctional institutions by persons varying widely in training. Strikingly extreme percentages have been announced. For a time it was claimed that the Binet-Simon tests, and their developments, in this country could with considerable accuracy determine the mental age, and consequently the feeblemindedness, of prisoners. Several years ago the following list of findings in different institutions was announced:

	Feebleminded
Massachusetts State Industrial School for Girls	28%
New York State Reformatory, Elmira (male)	37%
New Jersey State Reformatory, Rahway (male)	33%
New York State Reformatory, Bedford (female)	37%
Massachusetts Industrial School for Girls	50%
Maryland Industrial School for Girls	60%
New Jersey State Home for Girls	33%
Illinois State School for Boys	20%

Although estimated percentages varied widely, certain facts struck all observers. Custodial treatment for the most seriously feebleminded was imperative. Feebleminded women of child-bearing age were social menaces. Prostitution was recruited to an undetermined extent from the ranks of the feebleminded. Feebleminded families propagated their kind. The strain cropped out even where normal persons intermarried with feebleminded. All over the country the prison and reformatory wardens, superintendents and officers called for special institutions for the care of this group. Feebleminded inmates clogged the machinery, industrial and reformative, of the correctional institutions.

Moreover, the population of the prisons and reformatories was changing in nature. Probation was, to use the graphic words of one prison administrator, " skimming the cream off of the prison population ". The Court deferred the period of imprisonment during good behavior. Thousands of men and women were spared the stigma of a prison career. But the residue—those who went to prison—were found to be less normal, on the whole less efficient, less intelligent than were the prison populations of the past. The prison problem was approaching more the nature of a custodial problem.

Then the psychiatrists began to appear, with their vigorous pronouncements. They were alienists, a group differing from the psychologists, whose training had been with the

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"normals" rather than with the "abnormals". From the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington came to Sing Sing, upon an appropriation supplied by the National Committee on Mental Hygiene, maintained by the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Bernard Glueck, to be the director of the psychiatric clinic at that ninety-year-old institution. The State of New York had voted, through its legislature in 1916, to make the most radical departure yet announced in any American State. A receiving prison and clearing house were to be established at Sing Sing prison. Every prisoner committed to a State prison in New York—there are four of them—must first pass through this center of comprehensive mental, physical and industrial examination at Sing Sing. All the features of the new Sing Sing should converge upon the adequate analysis of the individual delinquent. Pending the erection of this great reception prison, which will provide for 1,000 inmates, the physically little, but socially highly important, psychiatric clinic at Sing Sing has been operating for a year.

I quote Dr. Glueck as to the field of the psychiatrist in prison, and as to the clearing house:

> It is not because the psychiatrist promises to solve the problem by some magic procedure, but because it is in the nature of these disciplines (psychology and psychiatry) to devote themselves to the understanding of human behavior, whether such behavior be normal or abnormal. The psychiatrist in his daily experience utilizes methods of procedure which are intended to bring about better adjustment in maladjusted individuals, and it is hoped that because of this experience he may be of assistance both as a diagnostician and as a therapeutist in the field of criminology.

In the matter of the place of the clearing house in prison administration, Dr. Glueck says:

> The clearing house is an accepted institution in the modern industrial world. It is an institution which makes possible a clear delineation and characterization of the individual members of large groups, for the purpose of bringing about a better classification and better adaptation.
>
> In connection with the problem of crime, a clearing house is to serve as an auxiliary institution for the administration of the law, whose object it would be to make such an observation of the individual offender as will enable it to furnish dependable recommendations:
>
> First, to the Court in cases of demonstrable, diminished or absent responsibility;
>
> Second, to the administrators of penal and reformatory institutions in all cases, with the object of bringing about such a relationship

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between the prisoner and the institution as will tend to produce the maximum degree of adjustment between him and society upon his release from the institution.

Let me point out that Dr. Glueck here indicates two functions of a clearing house. First, to help the Court in its decision as to the proper institutional or extra-institutional disposition of the case at the bar. Secondly, to help the institution itself to employ reasonable and adequate methods for the readjustment of the inmate.

A year's intensive examination of hundreds of cases at Sing Sing has led Dr. Glueck to the following analysis of the outstanding groups in the prison population:

1. *Accidental offenders,* not pathological.
2. *Normal young adults,* capable of learning useful trades, in whose criminal career economic dependence has played an important role. Can be taught and materially improved for the battle with life on the outside.
3. *Normal prisoners of more advanced age.* Not likely to acquire a trade through instruction in prison. The prime consideration in the case of these men is the extent to which they may be made useful to the State during their incarceration.

The above groups constitute about forty to forty-five per cent. of the prison population, and are mainly first offenders. With these groups the State should do all it can to prevent relapse into crime. In short, about half the prison population will react relatively normally to normal methods. Here, incidentally, is the part of the population with whom the honor system and self-government will be most successful.

Three other groups were singled out by Dr. Glueck. These are the problem cases of the institution—the challenge to modern penolgy to solve:

4. *The insane delinquent.* Require transfer to a hospital for the criminal insane, or careful supervision in the prison.
5. *The feebleminded delinquent.* Various stages of arrested mental development. A considerable number require permanent segregation in an institution for defective delinquents, where they might be self-supporting. The percentage of recidivists (repeaters in prison) is relatively large among the feebleminded.
6. *The psychopathic delinquent.* This is a class less understood by the layman. Such inmates have a mentality which, while not placing them within the well-recognized categories of mental disease, brings them decidedly outside the pale of normal human beings. They con-

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tribute largely to the ranks of the recidivists. In many respects they constitute a greater menace than either the insane or defective delinquent.

Here is, then, speaking in general terms, the problem of the prison today: a population half of which is relatively normal, mentally, and half of which is mentally abnormal, with all degrees of deviation. The psychiatrists are already telling us that we have in the prison populations a highly complicated set of mental problems, and that we are basically wrong in assuming the general presence of full responsibility.

Percentages, in this early stage of the newest penology, are dangerous. If the psychologists and psychiatrists are right, our prisons face the difficult processes of a new development, namely, the adequate analysis and the adequate individual treatment of the delinquent. No wholesale training plan, with shops and the like, will suffice. No wholesale turning loose of prisoners into a yard, and wholesale expectation that they will find their own democratic solutions of social relationships and of obligations to each other and to the prison, will suffice. No general belief in the religious conversion of a prison population to a better life on earth will suffice. "Man, know thyself!" is the echo ringing in the ears of those to whom the psychologists and the psychiatrists have spoken among prison administrators.

It is to be seriously doubted if this new addition to the penological forces of reform will bring any panacea. That the individual prisoner will be much better understood in the future than in the past is unquestionable. But social and economic conditions outside the prison will lead many inmates back in time to the institutions.

But there lies the present, and enormously promising, direction of the new penology, before us. Moreover, there is today an alliance of the penologist, the administrator, the educator, and the scientist, all bent on seeking the solutions of prison discipline, such as has never occurred before. This alliance must reach far back of the prison, into the court, the school and the family. The principle of the clearing house must be recognized as a necessity in court procedure. Probation officers make reports today to the judge on social and economic factors in the "cases" before them. But the Court needs, fully as much as the report of the probation officer, the report of the psychiatrist—not in every case before the Court, but in many. And back of the Court is the school,

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where the record of the child should be consecutive from the entrance of the youngster into the classroom. Further back, all the time, must our preventive work go.

Our obligation to the individual prisoner increases as we understand what the obligation is. We know, now, that we do not know enough about the prisoner. Knowing that, we shall be derelict if we do not adopt the means to find out, and then act adequately.

Unquestionably we need the psychiatrist. His field is constantly increasing. The Police Department of the City of New York has maintained a psychopathic clinic until recently, with surprisingly good results. Many cities have established similar clinics in connection with their courts, among them Chicago, Cincinnati, Seattle, St. Louis, Boston and Philadelphia.

The criminal court is the great gathering place of those charged with or guilty of crime. Here is the focus for the most humane and sagacious justice, if the Court rises to its duty. From here the human being who needs upbuilding should not, if it is possible to prevent it, be sent to prison. But above all, it should be known what the human being before the bar of justice needs. The psychiatrist, in many instances, can tell us when no one else can.

He can pick out of the stream the mentally defective, the feebleminded with psychopathic tendencies, the alcoholic without criminal tendencies, the sick, the persons suffering with infectious disease, the drug addict, the constitutional inferior, the "borderland cases", and other mental deviates. The Court has at present no such agency.

There have been penological revolutions in the past. Now comes a peaceful revolution—literally, a turning around to the scientists for light. We are in a period of popular interest in abnormal psychology. Psychoanalysis has gripped the attention of the public. Our dreams are being turned inside out, and symbols, sublimations, repressions and blockings are becoming familiar terms. The eternal search for the springs of human conduct has taken another direction. Its reflection is already found within the most progressive prisons and reformatories.

ORLANDO F. LEWIS.

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CHANGE

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

She sits in her familiar place.
  There is so little change!
The sunlight filters through the quiet leaves,
  That scarcely disarrange
Its amber patterns on the garden seat.
  As blue as other years, the larkspurs are,
  And through the lattice of the pergola,
The fading roses shatter at her feet.

There is so little change! She turns
  Half wistful, now and then,
As though she listens mutely for a step,
  That may not come again.
Her hands are busy as in other years,
  And many a snowy bandage, deftly rolled,
  Is laid upon love's altar, but of old,
Her eyes knew not this misty rush of tears.

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

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A STRANGER IN MY NATIVE LAND

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

CERTAINLY, I feel a stranger in my native land, and it would be sheer affectation if I pretended I did not after living out of it for thirty-three years.

It is true that there was not a moment of those thirty-three years when America did not mean home to me. I never thought, I never spoke of it as anything else, and I was not to be laughed out of the habit by English friends who professed themselves amused when I gave the name to a place I so persistently stayed away from. But America, even to oblige me, was not standing stock still during my long absence. As time went on I could hardly have recognized in myself the young, eager seeker after adventure who had sailed for Europe in the dim, remote Early Eighties. Common sense warned me that home had changed as radically, that it would prove no longer home as I remembered it. In my most sentimental mood I could not hope to return to an America unchanged, untouched, unimproved, unspoiled, an America full of real Americans, an America whose ways were simple and whose standard did not refuse comfort where luxury could not be afforded, an America where everybody met on equal terms, an America where the old order ruled. It would have been pleasant, just as it would to find the friendly old houses of other days with the same pictures on the same walls, the same chairs set at the same angles, the same cloth laid at the same hours on the same hospitable tables. Of course, the friendly old houses have gone, except in a few cases which I treasure as one might rare and precious heirlooms. And, equally of course, the old America has gone. But, though I knew what to expect, it is a disappointment, now I am at home, to feel not at home but homeless, bewildered by the big differences in my country and the people, embarrassed by the small differences in myself.

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I pass lightly the difference in the way home looks, houses shooting up skyward as they never did in my youth, the once empty streets congested with traffic, the slow horse car replaced by the clanging, earth-shaking trolley, the shop windows displaying a luxury undreamed of a generation ago, less green about and more posters—everywhere, the familiar background all but vanished. Home is cruelly foreign in my sentimental eyes. Had I had my way, Philadelphia would not have grown an inch or got rid of a single brick. I cannot deny that, in many respects, it has improved in appearance. If it has lost much in tranquil picturesqueness, it has gained in impressiveness, though, apparently, at too fast a pace to keep up with harmoniously throughout. It is splendid in its skyscrapers, unbelievable in its boulevards, ambitious in its schemes for further improvement. But, on the other hand, where it is not splendid and unbelievable and ambitious, it is shabby and neglected and can boast the dirtiest streets I have ever had to take my walks abroad in. I speak of Philadelphia because it is the town I have seen most of since my return. Of New York I have seen enough to know that it has made itself more splendid without falling into such an abyss of dirt. Most towns in the country, I fancy, are going through the same transformation and probably carrying it out more after the pattern of Philadelphia than New York. But change in looks, though it hurts more than almost any other change, is going on, and must go on, the world over.

I pass as lightly the difference in the people, who have grown as foreign as the land. I left them so American that they could assimilate the foreigner who then came to our country to benefit himself and not the capitalist. I find them so foreign that my fear is they will assimilate the American, who, after all, is too fine a type to be sacrificed. To speak of my own immediate experience: In the house where I am staying, I have an Irish chambermaid, a Greek waiter, a Dalmatian handy-man. At the near station my boots are blacked by an Italian, at the near tailor's my gowns are pressed by a Pole. When I go into the shopping streets, every other sign bears a foreign name; when I glance over the list of births and deaths and marriages it seems as if the Boche must be already in possession. Yesterday, music called me to the window and a procession of hundreds passed, each bearing that Russian flag which I, for one, never care

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to see again—Slavs, I have learned from the morning's paper, making a patriotic demonstration. Why should they make it as Slavs and not as Americans? And it is not Philadelphia alone that has been invaded and conquered. All America during my absence has been turned, not into the melting-pot some call it, but the dumping-ground, the refuse heap of Europe. The longer I am in my native land, the nearer I seem to get to the inevitable day when we real Americans, like the Indians, shall have our reservations and when our successors will come to pay their quarters to stare at us as curiosities. But of this change in the people I say less, because I am far more concerned with the change it has made in the national manners.

I am not to be outdone in admiration of the perfect State governed by the people, for the people, or in appreciation of our great statesmen who planned to make it ours. But I long since discovered that perfection is seldom attained in this imperfect world and, in my most patriotic mood, I have never mistaken America for Utopia. However, when I look back, it seems to me that if we had not come up to our statesmen's ideal for us, we had worked out an agreeable substitute for ourselves.

In my memory, democratic life at home was friendly and easy-going, ruled by the comfortable feeling that every citizen was as good as every other citizen, no matter how wide the gap opened between them by money and brains. There was no pretense of anybody being superior or inferior, and whoever thought himself superior, and was so foolish as to take others into his confidence, found out quickly to his cost that nobody agreed with him. The people who did the governing for themselves, when they happened to meet, met on equal terms, despite the inequality in the manner of their lives and the nature of their business. They did not meet, I admit, with the charm and grace and delicate intelligence with which the French have disguised the failure of equality. My enthusiasm for the past could not mislead me into presenting my countrymen with the fine shades of politeness they never possessed and never wanted to. But if they were without the little courtesies that soften the hard edges of life, they might have given points in kindliness to every other people in the world. Americans were, above all, kindly in the democracy of my memory. Kindliness ruled all their relations. They accepted the chances of life and of their own

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ability and were neither cowed nor exalted by the result. The sort of work they did or did not do was as little of a barrier as the respective scale of their fortunes, and though they lived their social lives apart, they could, when brought together, treat each other as if they were all rational human beings and not merely masters and servants, employers and employees, leagued class against class in undying enmity. I do not think that imagination or sentiment can be altogether responsible for this pleasant picture of American Democracy as I see it down the long vista of the years.

With my impression of our Democracy of to-day, I doubt if imagination plays any part at all, much as I would prefer to believe it did. I allow for the disappointment of the native returning from exile, who wants everything precisely as, and where, it was in her memory, which is precisely as and where the native who stayed at home had been struggling not to keep it. But the most liberal allowance cannot explain away the change I find nor my conviction that, if we do not take care, our manners will soon be as un-American as our people. My countrymen have not improved in politeness, but they have lost considerably in the kindliness that answered the purpose of daily life every bit as well, if not better.

On landing in New York, I wondered to see in elevated, subway and surface cars a printed appeal from the president of the Interborough to his conductors asking them to treat passengers as they would be treated themselves. But my first few days' experience made me wonder still more why he did not publish a similar appeal to passengers. When I get into a crowded car I do not want to take a place from a man who is probably far more tired than I—I am not sure that I enjoy being offered a place by anybody since the first time a young girl in a London bus insisted on giving me hers and so revealed to me, as no looking-glass yet had, the whiteness of my hair and the number of my wrinkles. But it added to the amenities of life when the man would have been ashamed to sit while the woman stood. Try as I might to argue myself out of it, I was shocked in New York always to see the men sitting and women standing, as I am now in Philadelphia to see great hulking young negroes filling the seats of the trolleys and women of any age hanging on to the straps. And it shocks me in the same way to be hustled by men in the streets, to have swing doors swung by men in my

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face, seldom to have a man pick up the parcel I drop, to be waited on in restaurants as if the waiter's business was to thrust it down my throat—to be reminded that this is a free country in which you may be as rude as you like, that equality permits no civility. I begin to understand why public officials go further than the president of the Interborough and *order* their employees to be civil. Altogether, my first weeks at home have kept me busy trying to find out why people whose business is to do certain kinds of work for me, work that pays them well, should make it an occasion for rudeness.

I do not think I am far wrong in laying part of the blame upon our foreign population. Many of these foreigners have in their own lands manners that we must envy and might well adopt, but that they rid themselves of with amazing alacrity on our hospitable shores. I look back to French and Italian restaurants in which it was a delight to be waited on by the Italian and French waiters, who, in ours, are often the worst offenders; and their case is typical. The trouble probably is that the Europeans who come to us do not understand our American free-and-easiness. They mistake it for rudeness, so unlike is it to their own code of politeness, and, by being rude in what they fancy is the American way, they hope to show how quickly they have become Americanized. Their example perhaps reacts on the native Americans who grow a little ashamed of their old kindliness. This, anyway, is the amiable theory by which I endeavor to comfort myself.

But whatever the real explanation may be, more of the blame lies with the people who accept, unprotestingly, a new un-American want of courtesy that verges on insolence. We Americans have the reputation of being too easy-going—up to a certain point. But once we get to it, we also have the reputation of rising in our wrath. I should say we have been carried miles—leagues—beyond in this matter of manners, and yet we are not rising and, instead of wrath, we are showing a meekness we never had the reputation for. It is difficult to believe that Americans have been busy evolving the virtue of meekness while I have been away; it used to be so unlike my countrymen to turn the other cheek under any provocation. But it is no easier to believe that they have lost confidence in themselves, so essential a part of the American easy-goingness was it never to be afraid of anything. As I have come recently from England, I know

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that the democratic spirit of the day can and does breed fear. But, surely, in our country we are too used to the habit of democracy to be frightened by its novelties. And yet why, if we are not meek, if we are not afraid, do we put up so cheerfully with a sort of rudeness that does not legitimately belong to us? I am conscious, too, of something like fear in our increased sensitiveness to criticism, our shrinking from the outspoken truth on this or any other subject. An English friend, here on one of the innumerable propaganda missions of the moment, confided to me that what struck him most in Americans was their timidity. I laughed at the time, but I have been wondering ever since if he, the real stranger, had instinctively got to the root of the evil.

I am as puzzled by the apparent readiness to accept the very un-American line that is being drawn to-day between superior and inferior. If the American who thought himself superior in the old days was obliged to keep it quiet, the American of the present generation who thinks himself inferior insists upon everybody knowing it and proclaims as loudly his determination not to stay inferior but to take his turn at bossing the show straight through. Every citizen is not content to be as good as every other, but the citizen who rebels against the monopoly of capital by claiming the monopoly of labor, plans to be a good deal better and does his best not to let the other forget it for a moment. It is the meekness of the other in trying not to forget that puzzles me most. The same spirit prevailed in England before I left; but there, where the class hitherto claiming superiority has had its recognized day too long not to lose grip upon the privilege, I was not surprised. The new doctrine, however, threatens the American's old belief that in our country we are all born equal—that we all have, anyway, equal opportunities. But from assiduous, and I hope intelligent, reading of the papers and from much talk with the enlightened whose knowledge of our country is more intimate than mine could be as yet, I gather that we must now make it our duty to prepare for the coming social revolution and, whether we be jurist or publican, pauper or millionaire, artist or mechanic, skilled or unskilled laborer, to recognize the new line unquestioningly and to get ready to take our place with becoming submission on the side appointed to, not gained by, us.

Again I am puzzled by the amazing contrast that has de-

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veloped since my time between the excess of luxury and the excess of discomfort, among not only different classes of workers, but people of the same social group, even in the life and conditions of one and the same person. If many Philadelphians live like princes, many resign themselves without a murmur to a degree of inconvenience I would not ask my worst enemy to endure, though at the present moment I am enduring it myself. For some, not so much as a crumpled rose-leaf destroys the luxurious succession of the best breakfasts, lunches and dinners eaten in any town in the world; others are sent by every meal, through the cold or the heat, to the cheerless boarding house or the restaurant where whatever little self-respect they have left wilts under the reception that awaits them. Those who do not take their drives regally in the best motors and taxis to be found anywhere must fight their way into dirty, overcrowded trolleys and hang on to a strap. Garbage lies at the front door of residences that are palaces within. From an opera house that on an opera night is almost alarming in its flaunting of wealth, the audience go home through streets that for filth could give points to the little Italian towns at which my youthful American nose once turned up in contempt. The same extremes face each other wherever one goes or whatever one does.

And again, I am left marvelling at the meekness with which the luxury is paid for "through the nose," or with which discomfort is endured. I am told there is no use fighting against conditions in one's own household, still less in politics. But curiously, in my own filthy, ill-kept, down-at-the-heel town of Philadelphia, though I can see that most of the time the citizen is afraid to complain, when he summons up courage and does, the municipal tyrants are no less afraid of him; as was shown recently, when a little wholesome protest brought about the cleaning of the streets for what looked like the first time in centuries. This encourages me to hope that things are not so bad as they seem and that success in political life and decency in private life are not prizes for the high bidder alone. I have an idea that we Americans so enjoy washing our dirty linen in public that sometimes we would rather make believe our linen was dirty than lose the chance of a washing. But I must admit that I have now to do a good deal of tipping I never would have done in the old days, and that the wheels of daily life would run very rustily

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if I refused to do so. Without the tipping, called bribery by the bold, the political wheels would not run at all, if I am to believe a sober-minded citizen who defended the police—Philadelphia's political scapegoat at the moment—on the grounds that, if they were corrupt, they were not to blame since every other official in the country has his hand out, too. And I fear that the system must have gone far when I read in a newspaper a serious plea for factories to keep on turning out rubbish the people like in order to give our munition workers something to throw away their big wages on, and so pamper them into sticking at their job for a price the uninitiated might think an inducement in itself. In England and France when munition workers, earning more than ever before in their lives, squandered their money on pianos and jewels and high living, the extravagance was criticized and condemned. To cater to such extravagance looks uncommonly like another variety of tipping, and probably the munition workers themselves would be the first to resent such an objection, but it is disquieting to think there could be even one American so timid of soul as to recommend it.

Perhaps it is because I am fresh from England, from three and a half years so much nearer the battle-field that, in our way of taking the war, I feel a weakening of that alert American imagination supposed to be one of our great national assets. It is true that England is separated only by the Channel from the horrors of war, and that in that country the constant movement of troops, the men home from the front, the wounded, the air raids, are continual and eloquent reminders of what those horrors are. I never knew how wide the Atlantic is until now, when its endless miles stretch between me and the Zeppelins and Gothas, the wounded soldiers and war-stained khaki, that I had grown too well accustomed to. So far from it all do I feel over here that I can understand how infinitely further it must be for those who have never been over there. But, after all, we had the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the Ambassadorial intrigues against " those idiotic Yankees " to stir our imagination when we were not in the war, if it had not been stirred already by the devastation of Belgium and Northern France. Now that we are in the war, with the youth of our country in camp and trenches, our casualty lists beginning and our vessels sinking, our papers shrieking a story out of every war blunder and profiteering scandal, the grim realities we are

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up against should make imagination's task the easier. But I question if life could go on so smoothly in the usual way if, as a people, we had risen to the full appreciation of the tragedy in which we now have our part to play. I do not need to be told on what a colossal scale we set about playing that part. To me, watching from the other side, our promptness was almost miraculous. Washington had scarcely declared war before the English papers were rejoicing in our enormous loans to the Allies, our doctors and nurses were lending a touch of American color to the London scene, our sailors everywhere were proving the presence of American ships in English waters, our soldiers were marching through the London streets to thrill me with patriotism as I saw how fine a type, spare-limbed, straight-backed, clean-faced, the ragbag of nations which is America has produced. But now that I am at home, there are moments when it seems as if political squabbles and a chorus of criticism had drowned for the public the hum of machinery going on from one end of the land to the other and the tramp of armed men at drill in camp or already bound for the trenches.

I left a London sad, tragic, grim; its once crowded streets all but empty of traffic; the nights dark, sinister, alive with the noise of battles in the air; the days consecrated to war and the preparations for war; the people drawing their belts tighter round their waists, their fireless grates forcing them to close half their houses; amusement after amusement dropped because of the difficulty of getting from one part of the huge town to the other, also because war left less and less leisure save to men home on leave. And the sadness was not in the town alone, but in the people, the tragedy grown with time too heavy to be thrown aside as in the first light-hearted years, the gleam of hope from last summer's campaign overshadowed, blotted out by the Italian disaster. "Business as Usual" had got to the end of its run, no longer mistaken for anything save the bitter farce it was, and the people knew themselves to be face to face with the bare, stark facts, shorn of their glamor. I did not have to see France to be gripped by her sorrow and desolation.

And so, haunted by her gaunt spectre, steeped in the grimness of England, it hurt me to get to New York and Philadelphia and to find them on the surface as gay as if such a thing as war had never been heard of. Lights blazed

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at night as if, secure from the danger of air raids, America was unable to imagine the equal danger in not lowering them to save the fuel essential to the Allies—though it is fair to add that, in the interval, much of the blaze has been extinguished. Motors and taxis thronged the streets, and do still, as if, because there was no shortage of gasoline with us, we could not imagine the seriousness of the shortage of petrol with the Allies. It may be that by comparison with peaceful days, famine now stalks in American kitchens and larders, but to me every dinner, every lunch, is a feast, as if we could not imagine the truth, too plain in London, that the world's supply of food is dwindling. I know the scarcity of food may seem an exaggeration while butchers' shops are full of meat and confectioners' overflow with sweets and grocers make as brave a show as ever. The same signs of plenty kept England from believing until stern need had her by the throat. But we have had the advantage of England's mistake and, besides, conditions have got to a pass when we should see unaided our own mistake in clinging to luxury and extravagance when, to be content with comfort, would lessen the actual want of the people with whom our fate is linked. We work hard, we give in charity, we pay big taxes, we buy Liberty Bonds by the billion, but I am afraid we still draw the line at the sacrifice of luxury and pleasure. The theatre prospers, so does the opera, and far more the vaudeville and the movies. The world dines and dances, it crowds Palm Beach and Atlantic City, it fills the newspaper society columns with gossip. Headlines on one page may tell of the retreat, the loss, the death of the men who bear the burden of war; on the next, in type as large, they announce: "Dinners, Card Parties and Theatre-Going Occupying Society." Society is occupying itself in other ways, too—is doing its bit; but society could do a bigger bit or it would not have the surplus energy to make those headlines possible, or, I might add, to warrant the interminable columns of fashion news and fashion advertisements, the endless reports, with illustrations, of the pleasure-seekers by the sea.

I may be reproached for narrowing my vision, for blinding myself to the great things that have been done during my absence, especially of recent years. Instead of depressing myself over mere matters of habit and courtesy, or the inevitable mistakes of the public and the playing down to them of the press, it may be thought I should have sought encourage-

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ment in the suffrage victory won by the women whose position is as the poles apart from what it was in my youth, to the victory won by the people who think their old conditions slavery compared to their new, to the victory won by the legislation which is making a saint of the freeborn American, despite himself. But my interest has been in my own impressions of my own country and what is characteristic of it, not in my opinion of the tendencies which it shares with the world. Women almost everywhere have been fighting the same battle. Labor almost everywhere has been bent on regenerating society. Legislation almost everywhere has been eager to force virtue upon mankind. These movements belong to the age rather than to any one nation. We could have shared in them without a change in the essentials that make us Americans. It is because there has been change in these essentials, because we are no longer American in the old way, which was a good way, that my home-coming has brought me disappointment and regret in the midst of my pleasure. It is therefore natural that my first and strongest impressions should be of the changes that mean to me loss.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

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ARCHIBALD MARSHALL: REALIST

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

On a mellow day in the early autumn of the year 1900, I sat on an old wooden bench in the open air with an English gentleman, and listened to his conversation with a mixture of curiosity and reverence. The place was one of the fairest counties of England, the town on the other side of a screen of trees was Dorchester, and my seat-mate was Thomas Hardy. I remember his saying without any additional emphasis than the actual weight of the words, that the basis of every novel should be a story. In considering this remark, which came, not from a doctrinaire, but from a master of long and triumphant experience, I could not help thinking that what seems axiomatic is often belied by the majority of instances. In the field of art, as in the field of religion, what ought to be seldom is. An honest critic, who should examine the total product of prose fiction for any given year in the twentieth century, might frequently fail to find any story at all.

As we look back over the history of the English novel, it appears that every permanent work of fiction has been a great story. *Robinson Crusoe, Clarissa, Tom Jones, Humphry Clinker, The Bride of Lammermoor, Pride and Prejudice, Vanity Fair, David Copperfield, The Mill on the Floss, Richard Feverel, The Return of the Native, Treasure Island, The Last of the Mohicans, The Scarlet Letter, Huckleberry Finn,* although they represent various shades of realism and romanticism, have all been primarily stories, in which we follow the fortunes of the chief actors with steady interest. These books owe their supremacy in fiction—at least, most of them do—to a combination of narrative, character, and style; and every one of them, if given in colloquial paraphrase to a group about a camp-fire, would be rewarded with attention.

In order to illustrate what I mean by a realistic novelist

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whose happiest effects are gained by writing good stories with real characters, I know of no better choice among contemporaries than Archibald Marshall. Mr. Marshall is not a man of the highest original genius, which is all the better for my purposes, for original genius can and will go its own way, performing miracles that lie outside the scope of this essay. But Mr. Marshall is an admirable novelist and an artist of such dignity and refinement that only twice in his career has he written a novel that had for its main purpose something other than truth to life; in each of these two attempts the result was a failure.

I know how difficult it is to "recommend" novels to hungry readers, for I have written prescriptions for many kinds of mental trouble, yes, and for physical ailments as well. I know that *Treasure Island* cured me of an attack of tonsillitis and that *Queed* cured me of acute indigestion; but I have no assurance that other sufferers will find the same relief. Yet I have no hesitancy in recommending the stories of Archibald Marshall to any group of men or women or to any individual of mature growth. One scholar of sixty years of age told me that these novels had given him an entirely new zest in life; and I myself, who came upon them wholly without preliminary introductions, confidently affirm the same judgment. Of all the numerous persons that I have induced to read these books, I have met with only one skeptic; this was a shrewd, sharp-minded woman of eighty, who declared that she found them insupportably tame. I can understand this remark, for when girls reach the age of eighty they demand excitement.

Those who are admirers of Mr. Marshall's work will easily discover therein echoes of his own experience. He is an Englishman by birth and descent, familiar with both town and country. He was born on the 6th of September, 1866, and received in his home life and preliminary training plenty of material which appeared later in the novels. His father came from the city, like the father in *Abington Abbey;* he himself was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, like the son of *Peter Binney;* it was intended but not destined that he should follow his father's business career, and he worked in a city office like the son of Armitage Brown; he went to Australia, like the hero's sister in *Many Junes;* he made two visits to America, but fortunately has not yet written an American novel; he studied theology with the inten-

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tion of becoming a clergyman in the Church of England, like so many young men in his stories; in despair at finding a publisher for his work, he became a publisher himself, and issued his second novel, *The House of Merrilees,* which had as much success as it deserved; he tried journalism before and during the war; from 1913 to 1917 his home was in Switzerland; now he lives in a beautiful old English town, a place hallowed by many literary associations, Winchelsea, in Sussex.

In 1902 he was married and lived for some time in Beaulieu in the New Forest, faithfully portrayed in *Exton Manor.* He spent three happy years planning and making a garden, like the young man in *The Old Order Changeth.* Although his novels are filled with hunting and shooting, he is not much of a sportsman himself, being content only to observe. His favorite recreations are walking, reading, painting and piano-playing, and the out-door flavor of his books may in part be accounted for by the fact that much of his writing is done in the open air.

Like many another successful man of letters, his first step was a false start; for in 1899 he produced a novel called *Peter Binney, Undergraduate,* which has never been republished in America, and perhaps never will be. This is a topsy-turvy book, where an ignorant father insists on entering Cambridge with his son; and after many weary months of coaching, succeeds in getting his name on the books. The son is a steady-headed, unassuming boy, immensely popular with his mates; the father, determined to recapture his lost youth, disgraces his son and the college by riotous living, and is finally expelled. The only good things in the book are the excellent pictures of May Week and some snap-shots at college customs; but the object of the author is so evident and he has twisted reality so harshly in order to accomplish it, that we have merely a work of painful distortion.

For six years our novelist remained silent; and he never returned to the method of reversed dynamics until the year 1915, when he published *Upsidonia,* another glaring failure. Once again his purpose is all too clear; possibly irritated by the exaltation of slum stories and the depreciation of the characters of the well-to-do often insisted upon in such works, he wrote a satire in the manner of *Erewhon,* and called it a novel. Here poverty and dirt are regarded as the highest virtues, and the possession of wealth looked upon

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as the sure and swift road to social ostracism. There is not a gleam of the author's true skill in this book, mainly because he is so bent on arguing his case that exaggeration triumphs rather too grossly over verisimilitude. He is, of course, trying to write nonsense; a mark that some authors have hit with deliberate aim, while perhaps more have attained the same result with less conscious intention. Now Mr. Marshall cannot write nonsense even when he tries; and failure in such an effort is particularly depressing. He is at his best when his art is restrained and delicate; in *Upsidonia* he drops the engraving-tool and wields a meat-axe. Let us do with *Peter Binney* and with *Upsidonia* what every other discriminating reader has done: let us try to forget them, remembering only that two failures in fifteen books is not a high proportion.

Of the remaining thirteen novels, two attained only a partial success; and the reason is interesting. These two are *The House of Merrilees* (1905) and *Many Junes* (1908). The realism of the former story is mixed with melodrama and mystery; these are, in the work of a true artist, dangerous allies, greater as liabilities than as assets. He has since happily forsaken artificially constructed mysteries for the deepest mystery of all—the human heart. In *Many Junes,* a story that will be reprinted in America in 1919, we have pictures of English country life of surpassing loveliness; we have an episode as warm and as fleeting as June itself; we have a faithful analysis of the soul of a strange and solitary man, damned from his birth by lack of decision. But the crisis in the tale is brought about by an accident so improbable that the reader refuses to believe it. The moment our author forsakes reality he is lost; it is as necessary for him to keep the truth as it was for Samson to keep his hair. Furthermore, this is the only one of Mr. Marshall's books that has a tragic close—and his art cannot flourish in tragedy, any more than a native of the tropics can live in Lapland. The bleak air of lost illusion and frustrated hope, in which the foremost living novelist, appropriately named, finds his soul's best climate, is not favorable to Archibald Marshall.

It was in the year 1906, and in the novel *Richard Baldock,* that he came into his own. This book, which will make its first American appearance next autumn, contains a story so absorbing that it is only in the retrospect that one realizes

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the vitality of its characters and the delicacy of its art. There are no heroes and no villains. Every person has the taint that we all inherited from Adam, and every person has some reflection of the grace of God. There is no one who does not say something foolish or ill-considered; there is no one who does not say something wise. In other words there are no types, like "heavies," "juveniles," and "ingenues." As is the case in nearly all the novels by its author, we are constantly revising our opinions of the characters; and we revise them, not because the characters are untrue, but because we learn to know them better.

Every fine novel and every fine drama must, of course, illustrate the law of causation—the principle of sufficient reason. But characters that run in grooves are not human. In *Richard Baldock,* we have, as we so often have in the work of Archibald Marshall, strife between father and son —a kind of civil war. This war, like many others, is begotten of misunderstanding. There is not only the inevitable divergence between the older and the younger generation, there is the divergence between two powerful individualities. We at first sympathise wholly with the son. We say to ourselves that if any man is foolish enough to sacrifice all his joy in life to a narrow creed, why, after all, that is his affair; it is only when he attempts to impose this cheerless and barren austerity on others that we raise the flag of revolt. At the deathbed of the young mother, one of the most memorable scenes in our author's books, we are quite certain that we shall never forgive the inflexible bigot; this hatred for him is nourished when he attempts to crush the son as he did crush his wife. Yet, as the story develops, and we see more deeply into the hearts of all the characters, we understand how the chasm between father and son is finally crossed. It is crossed by the only durable bridge in the world—the bridge of love, which beareth all things.

In 1907 appeared one of the most characteristic of Mr. Marshall's novels, *Exton Manor.* It was naturally impossible for any well-read reviewer to miss the likeness to Anthony Trollope. If I believed in the transmigration of souls, I should believe that Archibald Marshall was a reincarnation of Trollope, and William De Morgan a reincarnation of Dickens. In an interesting preface written for the American edition, Mr. Marshall manfully says that he has not only tried to follow Anthony Trollope, "but the whole body of

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English novelists of his date, who introduced you to a large number of people, and left you with the feeling that you knew them all intimately, and would have found yourself welcome in their society. That particular note of intimacy seems to be lacking in the fiction of the present day, and I should like to have it back."

To all those who have not yet read a single work by our author, I counsel them to begin with *The Squire's Daughter,* and then take up—with particular care to preserve the correct sequence—*The Eldest Son, The Honour of the Clintons, The Old Order Changeth.* These four stories deal with the family and family affairs of the Clintons, and together with a separate book, *The Greatest of These,* belong to Mr. Marshall's best period, the years from 1909 to 1915. When I say the "best period," I mean the most fruitful up to the present moment in 1918. He is still in the prime of life, and it is to be hoped that he may yet surpass himself; but since 1915, perhaps owing to the obsession of the war, he has not done so. *Watermeads* is a charming story, and in *Abington Abbey,* which now has an excellent sequel, *The Graftons,* he has introduced us to another interesting family; but none of these books reaches the level maintained by the Clinton tetralogy, nor penetrates so deeply into the springs of life and conduct as his most powerful work, *The Greatest of These.*

To read the Clinton stories is to be a welcome guest in a noble old English country house, to meet and to associate on terms of happy intimacy with delightful, well-bred, clear-minded men and women; to share the out-door life of healthful sport, and the pleasant conversation around the open fire; to sharpen one's observation of natural scenery in summer and in winter, and in this way to make a permanent addition to one's mental resources; to learn the significance of good manners, tact, modesty, kindly consideration, purity of heart—not by wearisome precepts, but by their flower and fruit in human action. To read these books is not to escape from life, it is to have it more abundantly.

If, as Bacon said, a man dies as often as he loses his friends, then he gains vitality by every additional friendship. To know the Clinton family and their acquaintances is not merely to be let into the inner circle of English country life, to discover for ourselves exactly what sort of people English country folk are, to understand what family tradition and

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ownership of the land mean to them—it is to enlarge our own range of experience and to increase our own stock of permanent happiness, by adding to our mental life true friends—and friends that are always available.

Not since Fielding's Squire Western has there been a more vivid English country squire than Mr. Marshall's Squire Clinton. The difference between them is the difference between the eighteenth and the twentieth centuries. He is the man of the house, the head of the family, and it is not until we have read all four of the stories that we can obtain a complete view of his character. He is a living, breathing man, and we see the expression on his face, and hear the tones of his voice, which his daughters imitate so irresistibly. With all his pride and prejudice, with all his childish irritableness, he is the idol of the household. His skull is as thick as English oak, but he has a heart of gold. He is stupid, but never contemptible. And when the war with Germany breaks out in 1914, he rises to a magnificent climax in the altercation with Armitage Brown. We hear in his torrent of angry eloquence not merely the voice of one man, but the combined voices of all the generations that have made him what he is.

Yet while Mr. Marshall has made an outstanding and unforgettable figure of the fox-hunting Squire, it is in the portrayal of the women of the family that he shows his most delicate art. This is possibly because his skill as an artist is reinforced by a profound sympathy. The Squire is so obtuse that it has never dawned upon his mind that his wife is a thousand times cleverer than he, nor that her daily repression has in it anything savoring of tragedy. In the third book, *The Honour of the Clintons,* intense and prolonged suffering begins to sharpen his dull sight; and the scenes between the old pair are unspeakably tender and beautiful. Mr. Marshall never preaches, never tries to adorn the tale by pointing a moral. But the wild escapade of the daughter in the first of these stories, and the insistence of the mother on a superior education for the twins, exhibit more clearly than any letter to the *Times* could do, what the author thinks about the difference between the position women have held in English country homes and the position they ought to have.

Of all his characters, perhaps those that the reader will remember with the highest flood of happy recollection are

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the twins, Joan and Nancy. In the first novel, this wonderful pair are aged thirteen; in the second, they are fifteen; in the third, they are twenty-one. Mr. Marshall is particularly skilful in the drawing of young girls. Whatever may be woman's place in the future, whatever she may drink or smoke or wear or say or do, there is one kind of girl that can never become unattractive; and the Clinton twins illustrate that kind. They are healthy, modest, quick-witted, affectionate, high-spirited; when they come in laughing and glowing from a game of tennis, and take their places at the family tea-table, they bring the very breath of life into the room.

In *The Eldest Son,* which, of the four delightful books dealing with the Clinton family, I find most delightful, there is a suggestion of the author's attitude toward humanity in the procession of candidates for governess that passes before the penetrating eyes of Mrs. Clinton. Her love for the old Starling—one of the most original of Mr. Marshall's creations—has not blinded Mrs. Clinton to the latter's incompetence for the task of training so alert a pair as the twins. Of all the women who present themselves for this difficult position, not one is wholly desirable; and it is plain that Mrs. Clinton knows in advance that this will be the case. She is not looking for an ideal teacher, for such curiosities are not to be found on our planet; the main requisite is brains, and she selects finally the candidate whom many society women could immediately dismiss as impossible, the uncompromising, hard-headed, sexless Miss Phipps, who has about as much amenity as a steam-roller. Miss Phipps bristles with faults; but they are the faults that spring from excess of energy, from a devotion to scholarship so exclusive that the minor graces and minor pleasures of life have received in her daily scheme even less than their due. But the twins already possess everything lacking in the composition of their teacher; what they need is not a sweet, sympathetic companion: what they need is what nearly every one needs, mental discipline, mental training, and an increase in knowledge and ideas. In this dress-parade of candidates we have a miniature parade of humanity in the large; no one is faultless; but those who have an honest mind and an honest character have something essential. And who knows but what the shrewd and deep-hearted Mrs. Clinton did not also see that in the association of this mirthless female with two young

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incarnations of vitality and vivacity, both parties to the contract might learn something of value? Miss Phipps is about to discover that the countryside in winter has resources entirely unguessed at by her bookish soul; that there are many of her countrymen and countrywomen who find in outdoor sport a secret of health and happiness. When she looks out of the window at the departing riders and hounds, she learns, in the words of our novelist:

> All this concourse of apparently well-to-do and completely leisured people going seriously about a business so remote from any of the interests in life that she had known struck her as entirely strange and inexplicable. She might have been in the midst of some odd rites in an unexplored land. The very look of the country in its winter dress was strange to her, for she was a lifelong Londoner, and the country to her only meant a place where one spent summer holidays.

I am aware that the most insulting epithet that can be applied to a book, or a play, or a human being is the word "Puritan"; and I remember reading a review somewhere of *Abington Abbey* which commented rather satirically on the interview between Grafton and Lassigny, and most satirically of all on the conclusion of the interview, which left the stiff, prejudiced, puritanical British parent in possession of the field. But once more, Mr. Marshall is not trying to prove a thesis; he is representing the Englishman and the Frenchman in a hot debate, where neither is right and neither is wrong, but where each is partly right and partly wrong. Each says in the heat of the contest something injudicious, even as men do when they are angry. But when Lassigny literally takes French leave, we do not care who has scored the most points; the real winner is the one who is not present—the girl herself. For when two men fight about a woman, as they do somewhere every day, the truly important question is not, which man wins? The only real question is, does the woman win? It is perhaps better to win by a quarrel than to win the quarrel.

In the novel *The Greatest of These,* which is in some respects the most ambitious and the most effective of all its author's works, we have an illustration of his favorite method of portraying the shade and shine of human character by placing in opposition and later in conjunction two leading lights of two large classes of nominal Christians—a clergyman of the Church of England and a minister of the Dissenters. The novel begins on a note of sordid tragedy, as

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unusual in the books of Mr. Marshall as a picture like the Price household is in the work of Jane Austen; here it serves to present the forthright and rather self-satisfied Anglican, who little dreams of his approaching humiliation; he is brought into conflict with a lay Zeal-of-the-land Busy, whose aggressive self-righteousness is to be softened by the very man whom he looked for to strengthen it. Here too, as in *Exton Manor,* we come as near as we ever come in Mr. Marshall's books to meeting a villain—in each case it is a woman with a serpent's tongue. Every page that we turn in this extraordinary book lessens the distance not merely in time but in sympathy between the two leading characters; the evangelical Dissenting preacher is drawn with just the sympathy one would superficially not expect from a man of Mr. Marshall's birth, breeding, and environment. He is in some ways the author's greatest achievement; whilst his less admirable wife is so perfect a representative of the busy city pastor's helpmate that we can only wonder how it is possible to put on paper any creation so absolutely real. There is not one false touch in this picture. William Allingham wrote in his diary after reading one of Browning's poems, "Bravo, Browning!" Upon finishing this story which I do not fear to call a great novel, I could hardly refrain from a shout of applause.

Mr. Marshall is a twentieth century novelist, because he is happily yet alive, and because he writes of twentieth century scenes and characters; but he is apart from the main currents of twentieth century fiction, standing indeed in the midst of the stream like a commemorative pillar to Victorian art. He has never written historical romance, which dominated the novel at the beginning of our century; he has never written the "life" novel—beginning with the hero's birth and traveling with plotless chronology, the type most in favour since the year 1906; he has never written a treatise and called it a novel, as so many of his contemporaries have done. Every one of his novels, except the two unfortunate burlesques, is a good story, with a good plot and living characters; and he has chosen to write about well-bred people, because those are the people he knows best.

I call him a realistic novelist, because his realism is of the highest and most convincing kind—it constantly reminds us of reality. So far as Mr. Marshall's Victorian reticence on questions of sex is concerned, this strengthens his right to

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the title Realist. As Henry James said, the moment you insist that animalism must have its place in works of art, there almost always seems to be no place for anything else. If a novelist is to represent real life, he must make subordinate and incidental what in a novel like *Bel-Ami* dominates every page.

Archibald Marshall is a realist. He represents cultivated men and women as we saw them yesterday, as we shall see them tomorrow. He seldom disappoints us, for among all living novelists, while he is not the greatest, he is the most reliable.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

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AUTHORSHIP AND LIBERTY

[The following extended extract from the oral argument of Joseph S. Auerbach before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court (First Department), in the supression of *The "Genius"* by Theodore Dreiser, is printed in the REVIEW as a timely and forceful contribution to freedom of thought and expression.—THE EDITOR.]

May it please the Court:

AT the instance of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, through threat of arrest of the publishers, *The "Genius,"* by Theodore Dreiser, has been suppressed as an obscene book; and you are asked in this agreed case to determine whether such unwarranted action shall be judicially upheld.

In the controversy are involved questions of more importance than are usually submitted to a court of justice. For if the circulation of a book of its achievement can be forbidden, this officious and grotesque Society will have been given a roving commission for further mischief, and freedom of thought and expression dealt a staggering blow from which it will not soon recover. If, on the other hand, your decision be as we think it should be, it will undo a great injustice not only to a distinguished author and to the community at large, but will be a kind of charter right for author and publisher and even the participant in public debate.

In order to accomplish this you need not be opposed to some agency for the suppression of vice manifesting itself by way of lewdness in the printed word or picture, though in my opinion such duty should devolve upon the legally constituted public authorities charged with the prosecution of crimes. If we are to have another agency, surely there must be such a judicial determination as to its legitimate province, that it will not be invited to run amuck at reputations and property rights, and by threat of arrest do that which is equivalent to issuing execution in advance of judgment.

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Let me say also that you are not called upon to endorse all the scenes or episodes of the book, standing alone or even in their context; for Mr. Dreiser is not asking of the Court commendation of his literary excellence, but a judgment restoring to him the property rights of which he has unjustly been deprived. On the contrary, it may well be that you will dissent from the propriety and necessity for some of them, and would not care to be sponsor for all the book contains on some pages by way of heightened color; you may have little or no liking for its principal character or for any of its characters, or admire its style or subject-matter, or be willing to subscribe to all of the author's philosophy of life. In more than one of these particulars I should be in accord with you. We may say the same of many books which have made literary epochs, and even of those which have had to do with the advancement of civilization in the world.

So long ago as the middle of the last century, when freedom of thought and expression was far from being what it is to-day, the *Madame Bovary* of Flaubert, a classic now, was not condemned nor its author or publisher punished, though the work was by no means in all respects approved by the French Court.

Yet the inquisitorial censor who by prying into *The "Genius"* can find the objectionable view as to morality and decency, must certainly have his sensibilities rudely shocked if he turn to some of the pages of *Madame Bovary*. The judges said this by way of conclusion:

> But whereas the work of which Flaubert is the author is a work which appears to have been the result of long and serious labors from a literary point of view and from that of a study of characters; that the passages indicated by the order of reference, however reprehensible they may be, are few in number if they are compared with the whole extent of the work; that these passages, whether it be in the ideas which they expose, whether it be in the situations which they represent, all contribute to the unity of the characters which the author has wished to present, even in exaggerating them and in infusing into them a realism vulgar and often shocking:
>
> Whereas, Gustave Flaubert protests his respect for good manners and for all that relates to religious morality; that it does not appear that his book has been, like certain other works, written with the sole aim of giving satisfaction to the sensual passions, to the spirit of license and of debauch, or of ridiculing those things which should be surrounded by the respect of all:
>
> That he has committed the error only of losing sometimes sight of the rules which every writer who respects literature like art, in order

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to accomplish the good which it is called upon to produce, should be not only chaste and pure in its form but in its expression:

Under these circumstances, as it is not sufficiently established that Pichat, Gustave Flaubert and Pillet have rendered themselves culpable of the offences which have been imputed to them;

The tribunal acquits them of the accusation brought against them and discharges them without costs.

Nor is it your function any more than it was that of the French judges to be critics of social offences not the subject of judicial review. As the Court in a case I shall refer to later has said: "It is no part of the duty of courts to exercise a censorship over literary productions."

Before giving a summary of *The "Genius,"* let me ask you also to keep in mind what is so well stated in *People* v. *Muller,* 96 N. Y., particularly at page 411.

> The test of an obscene book was stated in *Regina* v. *Hicklin* (L. R. 3 Q. B. 369) to be, whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave or corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and who might come into contact with it. We think it would also be a proper test of obscenity in a painting or statue, whether the motive of the painting or statue, so to speak, as indicated by it, is pure or impure, whether it is naturally calculated to excite in a spectator impure imaginations, and whether the other incidents and qualities, however attractive, were merely accessory to this as the primary or main purposes of the representation.

Accepting this rule as correct, let us see how *The "Genius"* stands its test.

It is a book of nearly seven hundred and fifty closely printed pages. It is a study of men and things, intense, sombre and often gruesome—persisted in at times to the point of tediousness—and neither the principal character, Witla, nor any of its characters attracts the reader. That anyone would turn to this book to gloat over its licentiousness is unthinkable, for it compels attention and interest by reason of its almost epic breadth of view as to some phases of life, to which we may not wisely shut our eyes.

Witla, the "Genius," is born in a town called Alexandria, in Illinois, somewhere toward the close of the last century, and reared in a home not so ordered as to give a right direction to the thoughts or aims of youth. The boy is weak and anæmic, and along with the artistic taste which he longs to develop, he has dreams of great fame. But at the outset we see in him the early manifestations of unbridled amorous

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desires destined to drag him down as he seeks to rise; and one of the early episodes of the book is with a young girl, ending, however, only in a kind of cheap love-making.

Moody and odd, slothful in study, he is moved often by a conception of life which is crude, if not corrupting. He begins his career on the town newspaper and later starts for Chicago to try his fortunes there, with a few dollars in his pocket. This is as Chicago appears to him:

At page 36 we read:

> The city of Chicago—who shall portray it! This vast ruck of life that had sprung suddenly into existence upon the dank marshes of a lake shore. Miles and miles of dreary little houses; miles and miles of wooden block-paved streets, with gas lamps placed and water mains laid, and empty wooden walks set for pedestrians; the beat of a hundred thousand hammers; the ring of a hundred thousand trowels. Long converging lines of telegraph poles; thousands upon thousands of sentinel cottages, factory plants, towering smoke stacks, and here and there a lone, shabby church steeple, sitting out pathetically upon vacant land. The raw prairie stretch was covered with yellow grass; the great broad highways of the tracks of railroads, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, laid side by side and strung with thousands upon thousands of shabby cars, like beads upon a string. Engines clanging, trains moving, people waiting at street crossings—pedestrians, wagon drivers, street car drivers, drays of beer, trucks of coal, brick, stone, sand—a spectacle of new, raw, necessary life!

Again at page 39 we read:

> It was a city that put vitality into almost every wavering heart; it made the beginner dream dreams; the aged to feel that misfortune was never so grim that it might not change.
>
> Underneath, of course, was struggle. Youth and hope and energy were setting a terrific pace. You had to work here, to move, to step lively. You had to have ideas. This city demanded of you your very best, or it would have little to do with you. Youth in its search for something—and age—were quickly to feel this. It was no fool's paradise.

Such vivid description characterizes the author's art so that it may fairly be said to be the rule and not the exception.

He gets a job at storing stoves, but his pay is but a few dollars a week; and finally after having been brutally threatened by one of the workmen he leaves the place and secures a position with a real estate concern at eight dollars a week, only to be thrown out of employment when the enterprise fails. He buys a suit of clothes on the instalment

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plan; hires himself out as a driver for a laundry at a slight increase in wages, begins making sketches and meets a laundry-worker who becomes his mistress. He then obtains a position as collector for a furniture company, at an increase sufficient to enable him to enter upon the study of art. Allowing himself five dollars a week for living expenses, he spends the remainder for necessaries of life and for amusement. He is fortified in his views of what he thinks is the justifiable freedom of the studio by his experience in art study and by an affair with one of the models. These are his thoughts of the artistic life (at page 50):

> There was what might have been termed a wild desire in the breast of many an untutored boy and girl to get out of the ranks of the commonplace; to assume the character and the habiliments of the artistic temperament as they were then supposed to be; to have a refined, semi-languorous, semi-indifferent manner; to live in a studio, to have a certain freedom in morals and temperament not accorded to the ordinary person—these were the great things to do and be.

On returning from a visit to his home he meets Angela Blue, who is later to become his wife. He gets a position on a Chicago newspaper, is engaged to be married, and comes to New York City, where his art struggles are described with much detail. He paints street scenes with some success, and several are accepted as covers for magazines.

Beginning with his life in Chicago, his relations with two women are given some importance and their injurious effect upon his purpose in life begins to manifest itself to the reader, though perhaps not to Witla.

At page 117 he is visiting at the home of the girl to whom he is engaged, and the morality of the girl's mother, Mrs. Blue, is contrasted with his own.

> He could feel in her what he felt in his own mother—in every good mother—love of order and peace, love of the well being of her children, love of public respect and private honor and morality. All these things Eugene heartily respected in others. He was glad to see them, believed they had a place in society, but was uncertain whether they bore any fixed or important relationship to him. He was always thinking in his private conscience that life was somehow bigger and subtler and darker than any given theory or order of living. It might well be worth while for a man or woman to be honest and moral within a given condition or quality of society, but it did not matter at all in the ultimate substance and composition of the universe. Any form or order of society which hoped to endure must have individuals like Mrs. Blue, who would conform to the highest standards and theories of

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that society, and when found they were admirable, but they meant nothing in the shifting subtle forces of nature. They were just accidental harmonies blossoming out of something which meant everything here to this order, nothing to the universe at large. At twenty-two years of age he was thinking these things, wondering whether it would be possible ever to express them; wondering what people would think of him if they actually knew what he did think; wondering if there was anything, anything, which was really stable—a rock to cling to—and not mere shifting shadow and unreality.

He attains recognition as an artist; sells some pictures; marries Angela Blue from a sense of obligation, and goes to Paris, where he might legitimately expect great success. But his Paris pictures show a falling off in ability. He further deteriorates; and during what should have been the maturity of his powers, he can paint no pictures. The reason is not left to conjecture, for at page 246 we read:

It was his hope that he could interest America in these things—that his next exhibition would not only illustrate his versatility and persistence of talent, but show an improvement in his art, a surer sense of color values, a greater analytical power in the matter of character, a surer selective taste in the matter of composition and arrangement. He did not realize that all this might be useless—that he was, aside from his art, living a life which might rob talent of its finest flavor, discolor the aspect of the world for himself, take scope from imagination and hamper effort with nervous irritation, and make accomplishment impossible. He had no knowledge of the effect of one's sexual life upon one's work, nor what such a life when badly arranged can do to a perfect art—how it can distort the sense of color, weaken that balanced judgment of character which is so essential to a normal interpretation of life, make all striving hopeless, take from art its most joyous conception, make life itself seem unimportant and death a relief.

Not only is his course not defended, but on the contrary the author holds him up to the reader as "the coward, the blackguard, the moral thief that he knew himself to be" (page 263).

The weakness of Eugene was that he was prone in each of these new conquests to see for the time being the sum and substance of bliss, to rise rapidly in the scale of uncontrollable, exaggerated affection, until he felt that here and nowhere else, now and in this particular form, was ideal happiness (p. 285).

He gives up all attempt at art. His health fails; his money is gone; he obtains work as a day laborer, and his wife

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goes back to her home so as to be able to exist. He recognizes the cause of the punishment visited upon him.

> To tell the truth, great physical discomfort recently had painted his romantic tendencies in a very sorry light for him. He thought he saw in a way where they were leading him. That there was no money in them was obvious. That the affairs of the world were put in the hands of those who were content to get their life's happiness out of their management seemed quite plain. Idlers had nothing as a rule, not even the respect of their fellow men. The licentious were worn threadbare and disgraced by their ridiculous and psychologically diseased propensities. Women and men who indulged in these unbridled relations were sickly sentimentalists, as a rule, and were thrown out or ignored by all forceful society (pp.393-4).

Now a married woman becomes his mistress.

After a time he obtains a position in the advertisement department of a newspaper, and subsequently becomes advertising manager of a concern with a large salary.

Then he meets the eighteen-year-old Suzanne, and is deluded into the belief that nothing else counts but another contemptible amorous affair, for which he is prepared to sacrifice his wife and his position. His savings invested in a real estate scheme are swept away; his wife dies giving birth to a daughter; and Suzanne, after removal from his influence, quickly forgets him; he turns unavailingly for consolation to philosophy, to religion and to Christian Science.

Toward the end of the book he again takes up painting, with some of his old ability restored to him. The final effect of his experience on his character is given at page 733:

> Under the heel of his intellectuality was the face, the beauty, that he adored. He despised and yet loved it. Life had played him a vile trick—love—thus to frenzy his reason and then to turn him out as mad. Now, never again should love affect him, and yet the beauty of woman was still his great lure—only he was the master.

Such in briefest outline only is the scheme of this book. Why Mr. Dreiser may have written it is not the subject of inquiry here, but only whether he is entitled to say what he has said. Yet from the point of view of the man of letters there are as many reasons why he should have written *The "Genius"* as that Rolland should have told in *Jean Christophe* the long story of the hero's adulterous intrigue with the wife of a friend who had welcomed him to the shelter of a

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home, or that Galsworthy was willing to be responsible for *The Dark Flower,* and more than one other like book.

Leading men of letters of England and from the Authors' League of this country have raised their voice in condemnation of its suppression. And we have collected in the brief a few of the views of distinguished critics as to the book, though we do not give these quotations because it is necessary for you to assent to them in order to decide this case in favor of Mr. Dreiser. For whether you are in sympathy with the favorable comment of such distinguished critics as Mr. Gilman or Mr. Huneker or Mr. Mencken or prefer to accept the rhetorical arraignment of Mr. Stuart P. Sherman or the supercilious silence of some other college professors concerning Mr. Dreiser—as they labor to present their superior academic views concerning the province of fiction—is of little or no importance in this controversy.

The whole preposterous campaign that has been carried on against such books as *The "Genius"* finds its excuse in the shallow notion that the adult must be fed on the same kind of mental food as the child. Inasmuch as indolent parents betray a trust towards their children by not standing sentinel over their course of reading and intellectual and moral training until they reach mature age, a book intended for thoughtful persons must be suppressed by some Vice Society, lest the susceptible young be contaminated by contact with it! In disregard of the accepted rule of law and common sense, the application of a general principle is to be measured by and subordinated to the possibility of an individual hardship!

In the present case there is a claim urged which goes beyond even this absurdity. For in the defendant's brief this reason (italicized as in the quotation) is given as substantially the sole justification of the action of the Society:

> In these pages are included accounts of what the Society claims to be indecent conduct in art studios, and the seduction of the woman who afterwards became the wife of the principal character; adultery with two other women and improper relations with a young girl, a guest in the home of the principal character and his wife; *and the immorality of the whole story and its demoralizing tendency are claimed to rest upon the proposition that all of these women had these experiences without apparent harm to themselves or their position in society.*

Is there any more superlative degree to which nonsense may attain?

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As the character of Witla is developed there are graphic scenes of his amours, on a few pages out of a volume of over seven hundred pages. Taking them all, first and last, they are, in the author's judgment, part of the setting of Witla's character—poor enough at best, with only now and then some faint recognition on his part that life is opportunity. It does not require any argument, but merely the statement of the fact, to convince us that a thing in one environment may be objectionable from the point of view of morals and even good taste and quite unobjectionable in another. Text is not to be ripped out of context and given an interpretation like that which the exhorter at protracted meetings or even the prominent divine from the pulpit in days gone by delighted to give to Scriptural chapter and verse. A nude model in the artist's studio is accepted as appropriate; exposed elsewhere it may well be the height of impropriety. Even a great picture in a gallery, that is an inspiration for the artist, may not be suitable to reproduce for indiscriminate circulation or for exhibition in the shop window. The Penal Law again and again discriminates in punishment for the same offense, according to the time, place and circumstance of its commission.

This obvious distinction is pointed out with much force in the case of *People* v. *Tylkoff*, in the Court of Appeals, at page 196, of Volume 212.

> It is obvious that the question whether a given act or word is indecent must within limitations be tested by the prevailing common judgment and moral sense of the community where it is performed or uttered (*People* v. *Muller*, 96 N. Y. 408), and further that such determination may be largely influenced by the particular circumstances and conditions under which a given act occurs. For instance, in a public meeting called to decide whether a particular woman should be appointed a policewoman or social worker it might be entirely appropriate and proper truthfully to disclose concerning her that she was an improper person for such appointment because of the bad character indicated by the word set forth in the present indictment and which while perhaps somewhat harsher in sound is entirely synonymous with other words frequently used in public discussion or reports without any resulting thought of an affront to public decency. On the other hand, without excuse or reason to use such language of a woman in a public and mixed gathering assembled to consider no subject which made the same relevant or appropriate might properly be found to be an outrageous and indecent act.

From the point of view of probability as to the development of character, are we not to say this as to *The "Genius"*:

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Even admitting that the subject-matter or the style of the book is not engaging, we must see that, on the whole, Witla with his temperamentally narrow, characterless outlook upon life and shut-in horizon, and deprivation of the advantages of adequate home-training or enlightening experience in the world, acts precisely as one would expect him to act. Moreover, no other character of the book does that which can fairly be said to be unnatural or unreasonable for the man or woman to do.

* * * * * * *

The question is not whether the passages which the Society for the Suppression of Vice censors can be published separately as a book, but whether they are in an appropriate context in *this* book. The question is a relative, not an absolute one, and resolves itself into this: Can such a character as Witla be portrayed by an author?

Among the dust-covered books in my library are the works of Thomas Bowdler. On turning to his "bowdlerized" Shakespeare I found that, with all his squeamishness, even he—appreciating the distinction I refer to—avoids the mutilation of many a passage wherein there is often language not appropriate for parade in conversation with children. A censor who objects to parts of *The "Genius"* would probably not be edified by such undeleted lines as these:

> Ah, dear Juliet,
> Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
> That unsubstantial death is amorous,
> And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
> Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

You will find, too, on examination that Bowdler has often been equally sane, as for instance when he reproduces scene after scene from *Measure for Measure.* Necessarily this was so, since recalling the plot of *Measure for Measure,* we must recognize that if he had acted otherwise he would have been obliged to suppress it altogether. For the action of this absorbing drama turns largely on the intrigue of a lecherous hypocrite, to buy a noble woman's virtue with the ransom of her unprincipled brother from a sentence of death.

Men of understanding know that life is not a pleasing story or a play ending well, a holiday procession or a diverting pageant to be viewed with unctuous satisfaction by the amiable professor from the college window. They know that

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looked at from many points of view it is a great tragedy which neither we nor the saints nor even professional altruists are permitted to interpret or understand—a struggle between contending forces where often the standards of right are yielded to might and injustice. It is not our part to dogmatize about life, and even religion deprived of some of its old orthodox views as to the compensations of an hereafter, must stand by the side of agnosticism, mute and reverent over the inscrutable decrees of Fate or Providence.

* * * * * * *

Permit me to call your Honors' attention to a few of the cases on our brief, wherein the right to circulate books has been the subject of litigation.

In 1897 the trial of the publisher of the English translation of D'Annunzio's *Triumph of Death* took place and he was acquitted. Yet the *Triumph of Death* in so-called lewd description goes much further beyond *Madame Bovary* than *Madame Bovary* goes beyond *The "Genius."*

There are two other well-known cases in which the opinions are models of a proper judicial attitude for this case.

In *Matter of Worthington,* reported in 62 State Reporter, the right was involved to sell *The Arabian Nights, Tom Jones, The Works of Rabelais, Ovid's Art of Love, The Decameron of Boccaccio, The Heptameron of Queen Margaret of Navarre, The Confessions of Rousseau, Tales from the Arabic* and *Aladdin.* Judge O'Brien said this:

> It is very difficult to see upon what theory these world-renowned classics can be regarded as specimens of that pornographic literature which it is the office of the Society for the Suppression of Vice to suppress or how they can come under any stronger condemnation than that high standard literature which consists of the works of Shakespeare, of Chaucer, of Laurence Sterne, and other great English writers, without making reference to many parts of the Old Testament Scripture, which are to be found in almost every household in the land. The very artistic character, the high qualities of style, the absence of those glaring and crude pictures, scenes and descriptions which affect the common and vulgar mind, make a place for books of the character in question, entirely apart from such gross and obscene writings as it is the duty of the public authorities to suppress. It would be quite as unjustifiable to condemn the writings of Shakespeare and Chaucer and Laurence Sterne, the early English novelists, the playwrights of the Restoration, and the dramatic literature which has so much enriched the English language, as to place an interdict upon these volumes, which have received the admiration of literary men for so many years.

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And further, at 117:

A seeker after the sensual and degrading parts of a narrative may find in all these works, as in those of other great authors, something to satisfy his pruriency. But to condemn a standard literary work because of a few of its episodes would compel the exclusion from circulation of a very large proportion of the works of fiction of the most famous writers of the English language.

In *St. Hubert Guild* v. *Quinn,* in 64 Miscellaneous Reports, Judge Seabury held concerning the question as to whether the volumes of Voltaire were obscene:

The judgment of the court below is based upon a few passages in each of these works, and these passages have been held to be of such a character as to invalidate the contract upon which the action has been brought. These few passages furnish no criticism by which the legality of the consideration of the contract can be determined. That some of these passages, judged by the standard of our day, mar rather than enhance the value of these books can be admitted without condemning the contract for the sale of the books as illegal. The same criticism has been directed against many of the classics of antiquity and against the works of some of our greatest writers from Chaucer to Walt Whitman, without being regarded as sufficient to invalidate contracts for the sale or publication of their works. * * *

It is no part of the duty of courts to exercise a censorship over literary productions.

The defendant's counsel asserts in his brief that in coming to a conclusion as to whether or no *The "Genius"* is obscene, you are not at liberty to make comparison between it and other books. This position is not supported by the authorities he cites, which go only to the extent of stating that where an author is on trial, there may not be submitted for the consideration of the jury the entire body of literature, nor the jury required to read a certain number of books before arriving at a verdict. Naturally enough this is proper, since bounds must be set to the introduction of evidence.

The correct view under the decisions we quote on our brief is that the accepted standards of literature do furnish a basis of comparison, since necessarily opinions concerning a specific thing undergo revision as such general standards change. We do not have to search far to find the illustration to make this abundantly clear. Books critical of the Bible, which were once considered blasphemous and subjected the author not only to public condemnation but punishment, may now be written and published, without even unfavorable

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comment in either a court of law or the court of public opinion. The Church itself has almost ceased to protest against the views of distinguished divines as well as laymen that belief in none of the miraculous incidents of the Bible—including even the birth of Christ—is essential to religious faith. In drawing-room conversation, as well as in public discussions, matters to-day are freely spoken of in detail which could scarcely be hinted some time since without offense. We have had the sanity to welcome back *Mrs. Warren's Profession* to the stage.

What a man like Mr. Dreiser may be able to do further with his maturer art when he comes to deal with some of the menacing things of this day and generation—for all of them will not have been burnt out, even by the fires of war—we cannot know. Do we wish to destroy a pen such as his because it is not the pen of the exhorter? And are we entitled to expect much of him if we relegate him to a desk with some official of the Society for the Suppression of Vice looking over his shoulder to tell him what he may and what he may not write?

* * * * * * *

Do we wish to ignore the fact that somewhere between the depravity of criminals and the aspirations of worthy men—in a territory whose debatable boundaries have never been fixed—there are the Witlas, with just about his attenuated hold upon decency and morality and honor? Do we wish the book we applaud to give itself the supercilious air of indifference as to the ominous whereabouts of such a place and the existence of those who people it? Shall it deal with things as they are or as we have been drugged into believing them to be or as we wish them to be? Shall we covet truth or credulity? Are we forever to be on the lookout for the book that lures us to the delectable hour and to slippered ease? Shall authors aim at subserviency to what George Santayana in his *Winds of Doctrine* terms the "genteel tradition"? Are we not willing, now and then, to welcome a protest against the smug satisfaction of much of the writing of to-day—with its starved vocabulary and structural weakness and paucity of ideas and homiletic nonsense, in disregard of the privilege and high calling of authorship?

We shall err grievously if we fail to understand that the right answer to such inquiries in and out of Court is of grave import not only to society but to the Republic.

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Even if you are not disposed to agree with me as to the justifiable province of fiction, the decision must be in favor of Mr. Dreiser. For not only is vice not glorified by him, but the effect upon Witla's character of licentious excess and the flouting of social conventions is in a measure disastrous. The slave of his carnal passions, he rises in the world only to fall again, until he determines upon his emancipation; and at the end it is clear that whatever success he may thereafter attain is likely to be measured by the persistence of that resolve. If Witla cannot be said to be wholly ruined by evil propensities, he certainly is not elevated by them. Although only now and then he has a realization of how unstable he is in high purpose,—and this in part is the moral of the book or even in a sense its tragedy—the reader throughout knows of it, and never once does he excite our sympathy or have an inkling himself of the finer issues of life, except when he determines upon some assertion, feebly lived up to, of mastery over himself and his desires.

So the book parts company with Witla, unrepentant, perhaps, for there is nothing in his conduct so far as he can see calling for repentance, but quite evidently disciplined if not chastened by an experience which, if it has taught him nothing else, has at least taught him the folly of persistence in stupid, degrading error. It may even be that he looks into a future where he shall be able to lay claim to character as well as fame. For the last we see of him is in a new home with his baby child, his sole precious possession now,—his little "Flower Girl." He has carried her asleep in his arms to her couch and tucked her in and has gone out of doors under the skies of a November night.

> Overhead were the stars—Orion's majestic belt and those mystic constellations that make Dippers, Bears, and that remote cloudy formation known as the Milky Way.
>
> Where in all this—in substance, he thought, rubbing his hand through his hair, is Angela? Where in substance will be that which is me? What a sweet welter life is—how rich, how tender, how grim, how like a colorful symphony.
>
> Great art dreams welled up into his soul as he viewed the sparkling deeps of space.
>
> The sound of the wind—how fine it is tonight, he thought.
>
> Then he went quietly in and closed the door.

* * * * * * *

Permit me to emphasize these thoughts in closing:

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It is not alone Mr. Dreiser's book which is on trial before you, but interests affecting the community and the State. For when the voice of courageous criticism, protest, warning or comment concerning law or custom or life has died out because of the injunctions of courts and the mandates of arrogant legislation, or is heard in feeble utterance because of the threat of punishment, from irresponsible and officious agencies or of obloquy from a mistaken public opinion, men will indeed be bondsmen. The suppression of this book is only a new manifestation of the increasing disposition of men not to desire knowledge of the truth, provided ignorance ministers to their peace of mind. So foreboding is this tendency that I hope your Honors will not regard the following illustrations as irrelevant to the present controversy.

In many ways which I do not stop to refer to, but with which all thoughtful persons are conversant, the Church itself is not, in the words of the Prophet, valiant for the truth while it feeds men on the husks of creed and doctrine, who famish for the nourishment of a quickening faith.

Even this world-war was due to the refusal of France and England as well as ourselves to know of the truth. For Germany had announced in degenerate revelry, in book and essay and lecture, from the housetops and from the throne, her malevolent, hellish purpose to rule or ruin. Not alone were we answerable for neglect of this warning, since chivalric France just before the storm was to burst upon her was turning her thoughts to the staging of the frivolous Caillaux Trial; and England was covering with dishonor her greatest General, who was merely pleading for an army of a few hundred thousand additional men wherewith to defend her imperilled Empire. Can we doubt that fearlessness to see the truth would have avoided this war which threatens civilization with an awful desolation, if that bent line of battle in France be ever broken? Nor is this menace a remote menace having to do with some future ideal State and citizenship. It is something immediately concerning us, for on the steadfastness of that bent line waits the appalling issue whether the men of our country shall be slaughtered or crucified or doomed to a degrading bondage, and the leprous hand of lust be reached out for the sacred person of the American woman. To visualize such desolation with reference to this very room, it would mean that in the place of you who sit in this High Court,—of which we

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of this City and State and Country are very proud,—would be the fawning Prussian hireling to pronounce the will of Junkerdom; and we know that such a will is the death of Justice. Yet we are confronted with all these hideous possibilities because of the disinclination of the world to look fearlessly upon the uninviting side and things of life.

Let us not deceive ourselves by regarding these thoughts as remote from this case. For to-day we of the multitude by turning away from the Truth whenever it presents a forbidding or even an unconventional countenance are in the degrading, perilous bondage of an intellectual formalism. It is a bondage which, among other things—by interpreting words to be things, emotional ideals to be ideas, creeds to be faith, superstition to be religion, appearances to be realities and many a new-fangled notion to be the equivalent for the old-fashioned values—has brought us to the cross-roads where we must take one of two paths; that for which ignorance or craven subserviency to popular prejudice is the sign-post, or that where knowledge which is unafraid is pointing the way. One is easy to travel, for it goes downwards with the heedless, motley crowd, but it abounds in treacherous places; while the other, even if it require the arduous journey amid prospects often disheartening, has the exhilaration of the upward climb with an undaunted company, and reaches the heights at last.

Mr. Dreiser insists that in his uncompromising portrayal of character he has invited us to know of truth by seeing life as it is and not as some visionary souls would conceive it to be. Shall the ascetic zealot, the obsequious time-server, the professional reformer, the blatant demagogue or their hired man be commissioned by the courts to deny to him this privilege? Nor is it extravagant to say that your favorable disposition of this case will contribute in no small measure to fortify and sustain men in the determination no longer intellectually to " halt between two opinions "—as the people of Israel, when arraigned by the prophet Elijah, were halting in their religious beliefs between Baal and Jehovah.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

FIELD-NOTES OF A CRITIC[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

EVERY life, said John Addington Symonds, has its drawbacks: the life of the saint, its pangs of mortified flesh; the life of the sensualist, its battles of lust and intervals of drowsy *crapula;* the life of the dreamer, its evanescence of delight and its unslaked appetites. So, too, the life of that least of God's creatures, the critic whose task is the appraisal of art on the wing, has its unique drawback, undramatic but disquieting. This special difficulty of the critic who must regard the arts as they pass before him on the swift wings of their contemporaneity, estimating the strength and beauty of their flight and guessing at their destination, is a difficulty of recognition. On the one hand is his obligation "to project and steep himself, to feel and feel till he understands," as Henry James has instructed him; "to be infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient, and yet plastic and inflammable and determinable." On the other hand are the concrete problems of the undertaking. Is Schoenberg important or negligible? Is young Mr. Leo Ornstein a pathbreaker on his way to sun-smitten heights, or is he a psychopathic curiosity? Who is telling the truth about Cubist painting: Mr. George Moore or Mr. Willard Huntington Wright? How cordially should we weep for those who looked without ribaldry upon the fabulous "Spectric" poetry of those criminal harlequins, Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke and Mr. Witter Bynner, alias "Knish" and "Morgan"?

Such problems as these are not instances frivolous or extreme: they are urgent and terrible and constant. There are critics of exceeding sensibility who sputter like a frying egg when Mr. Ornstein's name is mentioned; there are other critics, equally to be esteemed, who accept him without a

[1] *Horizons,* by Francis Hackett. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1918.

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tremor of misgiving. Ornstein happens to be an aesthetic Issue, like Carl Sandburg and Masters and Brancusi and the later painting of Arthur B. Davies. In the face of these challenging apparitions you can, of course, be piously indignant, Viewing with Alarm; or you can be magisterially contemptuous; or you can have pressing business with a man around the corner, and thus avoid committing yourself; or—you can project and steep yourself, after the Jacobean formula, and feel and feel till you think you understand; and then, with a prayer to God and a defiant curse for posterity, you can speak your mind. If this is not a life with a drawback, beside which that of the saint is as an aphrodisian consummation, one misses the significance of the word.

We think of Mr. Francis Hackett as among the unterrified—a critic who has said, with Thomas à Kempis: *Da mihi, Domine, scire quod sciendum est.* His special distinction among those who in our country are observing and reporting the parade of current letters is that he has made this drawback of the critic seem unreal. Criticism, he truly perceives, " is an art limited by the critic's capacity for emotion. Without *rapport* there can be no criticism." Our critical academics are untroubled by any awareness of this need: they do not, as he says, " savor the wine of literature until they see the orthodox name on the orthodox cobwebbed bottle. They do not arouse and foster the feeling for literature; they thwart and kill it. . . ." With labels and cobwebs Mr. Hackett is exhilaratingly unconcerned; and in his " field-notes of criticism "—as he unassumingly calls this collection of studies—he is as open to new contacts, and as keen for them, as patiently eager and eagerly patient, as plastic and inflammable, as even Mr. James could wish.

This is a rare thing in our American criticism—this imaginative combustibility, this quick responsiveness of the appraising mind. " What is new in literature," said William Sharp a good many years ago, " is not so likely to be unfit for critics, as critics are likely to be unfit for what is new in literature." We in America have never been rich in critics who were able to disprove their unfitness for what is new in literature. One recalls them, as of yesterday and to-day—a congealed and timid company, for the most part, clinging with pathetic trust to their shibboleths and fetishes and muttering their creeds; one sees them crouched (as Stevenson

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might have seen them) " round that little idol of part-truths and part conventions which is their deity, crying out upon ' blasphemy ' or ' indecency '—and becoming, in the process, truly blasphemous and indecent themselves."

These critical " field-notes " of Mr. Hackett's are the reportings of a subtle and sensitive observer of the Anglo-American literary scene during the past decade. Within this term Mr. Hackett has studied and annotated such variously consequential phenomena as the outgivings of Mr. Howells, Mrs. Wharton, Professor Stuart P. Sherman, Winston Churchill, Sherwood Anderson, Arnold Bennett, George Meredith, Henry James; Samuel Butler and James Joyce, H. G. Wells and Dostoevsky, Synge and Tolstoy, Rupert Brooke and Vachel Lindsay; Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Maurice Maeterlinck, Ralph Barton Perry, and Bertrand Russell. And there are memorials to certain incidents of the American stage, some pretty thoroughly forgotten, some unimportant, some worth rewarding by a backward glance—*Mr. Lazarus,* and *Watch Your Step,* and *Old Lady 31,* and *Misalliance,* and *Good Gracious Annabelle,* and the engrossing plays for a negro theatre by Ridgely Torrence. Mr. Hackett's wit, which flows with reckless incontinence, is profitably occupied in exhibiting the Broadway sentimentalities of Miss Crothers' *Old Lady 31* and the spectacle of the T. B. M. yearning toward the pseudo-nudity of a leg-show, " like a large fish floundering after a butterfly." But was it worth while giving permanent space between covers to such divertissements (shrewd and corrective though they are), when Prof. Stuart P. Sherman's spear knows so many brothers? Broadway, paphian or sweetly maudlin, is small and ancient game for so lethal a marksman as Mr. Hackett, when more pestiferous breeds are still extant.

Mr. Hackett disavows pretensions to " the deeper criticism ", with " its aspiration surpassing the aspiration of the reviewer . . ., spaciously planned and bravely carried on . . ." His deprecation is to be respected. Yet, so creative a thing is a warm and valiant critical impulse, that even a disjointed body of haphazard reviewing may exhibit imaginative and spiritual integrity; and this is precisely what comes to pass for the appreciative reader in Mr. Hackett's case: the recognition of a critical spirit singularly inquisitive and uninhibited; honest and susceptible; poetic, pliant, adventurous. This is criticism uncommonly

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fine-fingered and acute. It can touch Mr. Howells and feel that "there is nothing about him, not even the oppressed patience which seems so large a part of his goodness, that vitiates his artistic being." It can touch Mrs. Wharton and feel that "with a higher sense of comedy, other realities would emerge in her landscape which, under the light that is habitual with her, is somewhat cold and bleak." Valuing the effectiveness of her satire on the absurd pretentiousness and false zealotry of the women of the American "culture" club in *Xingu*, it perceives, too, that "the satirist's acid scarifies them too deeply in their social character. . . . It is in dealing with such women as these, women who if anything would err on the side of amiability, that Mrs. Wharton becomes frigidly conventional." Understanding such as that proceeds from manifold and sympathetic scrutinies; it has seen our American existence from more than one angle.

Mr. Hackett is buoyantly unimpeded, unbeholden to formula. Taboos do not exist for him. He is not, like the majority of those who in America communicate to us their aesthetic responses, primarily a conserver of the moralities and incidentally a student of the interplay of life and the creative imagination. He is not of those who, as he says, "cower behind the moral life of the race to peer at art": who "call an artist moral names simply for giving life as he sees it": who "blame him, not for failing in his art of presenting life, but for presenting a view of life that does not edify." He is a valuable influence in American criticism because he studies our aesthetic yield without pietistic or doctrinaire prepossessions, with an eye unfilmed by conventional assumptions and spurious refinements. Our long devotion to the flaccid in art may some day be a little less depleting because of his astringencies. He sees not only what American writing is, but what it might become with an added courage and sincerity, an added delicacy of insight, an added curiosity about loveliness; with less of that reverence of inertia which is a cardinal defect of our intellectual life—reverence for sterile and invalid things, for attitudes and dogmas and dishonest certifications.

And he can be persuaded and persuasive in speaking of the Democracy that, with Vachel Lindsay, is not merely a phrase: "It is something poignant of the people. It supposes an absence of classes, a conjunction of all kinds of human beings. It is that faith in the excellence of human

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beings which makes life worth living. It finds that excellence by inclusiveness. It is different from any other and all other religions. It has at root a kind relation to God because it has a kind relation to man. It is more than liberty, equality and fraternity. It is a feeling that the mortal planet is a good and decent place to live in and on. It is the thing Lincoln had. It is the thing Whitman had. It is the thing Emerson partly had. It is the thing that the West has, and not the East so much, the thing that the Negro took away from the South and yet the thing that abides, though not singularly, in America. . . . It may be religious. Perhaps it is. It comes down from the mountains, it walks among the people, it plows through snow to say who will be president." And further, in amplied reference to Lindsay: "Where else in this country of emergence is there in combination nationalism so free and swinging, religion so vigorous, human contact so unprejudiced, beauty so adored? Sometimes it is the adoration of beauty we attend at, mere services in her name. But not seldom he is at the heart of conviction and ecstasy and splendor. The man who tramped as a beggar through our States could afford to go light because of his affluence. He had every man for his comrade. He went afoot with a people. He marched with the moon and the sun."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE WARFARE OF TO-DAY. By Lieutenant Colonel Paul Azan. New York. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1918.

What sort of war, from a military standpoint, is this which we are *now waging—and which, in conjunction with our Allies, we must and* shall win? A war, one readily answers, that exceeds all past wars in the number of men engaged, in the variety and complexity of the technical means employed, and in the greatness of the economic strain upon all the combatant peoples. If one is asked to be more specific, one feels quite safe in saying that the new thing in the present struggle is "trench warfare."

Not much greater than this, really, is the amount of military knowledge we may, in general, expect to gain from the reading of numerous war books and from an eager effort to make out the meaning of the news from the front as reported in the daily papers. Yet we cannot, of course, satisfy ourselves with three commonplaces and a half-truth. We feel that if our judgment is to be sane, our hope rational and steady, we need, as citizens, not to say as soldiers, a broad comprehension of the military problem.

That such a comprehension must require primarily a careful study of technique is one's natural first impression. An officer must possess a great deal of technical information, and a civilian who means to understand modern warfare needs, it may be readily assumed, the same kind of knowledge first of all. But this view is erroneous in that it attaches undue importance to minor facts. Even the soldier, though he must be a specialist, needs to learn principles quite as much as he needs to learn rules.

This is a truth the full bearing of which is not always easily grasped even by eager and intelligent learners, as Lieutenant Colonel Azan discovered when he was lecturing on modern warfare to student soldiers at Harvard.

"When I set forth the necessity for collaboration between the infantry and the artillery," records M. Azan, "not a hearer took notes; when one of my comrades explained that the bottom of the trench was 1.7 m. below the surface of the ground and 2 m. below the top of the parapet, every pencil jotted down the precious information."

The point is that the formation of a trench must necessarily depend a great deal upon the purposes that it is intended to serve and upon the nature of the ground. "What is the use," asks M. Azan, "in saying that the trench should be 1.7 m. deep if, as in the Yser region, water is found at .3 m. (10 inches)?" In the same way most of the

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precise rules for carrying on military operations are subject to notable exceptions and limitations. For this reason, the author repeatedly cautions his readers against the tendency to memorize details such as the distances to be maintained between several lines of attacking troops, or the exact way in which during an attack the "specialists" are to be distributed.

In order that we may really begin to understand the war in its military aspect, Lieutenant Colonel Azan would have us first firmly fix in our minds the conception that this is not a war of trenches but *a war of positions*. To call it a war of trenches is to use inexact and misleading language. "The war is no more a war of trenches than it is a war of artillery, a war of asphyxiating gas, or a war of grenades."

For three years each side has been trying to "break through," by attacking vigorously in determined zones. In other words, each combatant has been attacking certain positions—a position being a strong point "usually corresponding to some geographical region and comprising several less important elements, also corresponding to the terrain, called centres of resistance." When by the capture of positions in a defensive line a deep and broad breach is made, the whole line, being threatened from the rear, may be obliged to retreat or crumble.

Like most fundamental ideas, this of "positions" is in itself extremely easy to understand—which, perhaps, is just the reason why it was for a long time overlooked. To make clear its full application, however, one would need to rehearse a large part of M. Azan's discourse on the theory and practice of modern warfare. Of course, it is only by a careful study of details—a study which M. Azan, through his French lucidity and his scholarly precision, makes as easy as possible for his readers—that one can obtain anything like an adequate practical grasp of the principle; but there are one or two corollaries that are immediately enlightening. In the first place, it is obvious that the object of all battle plans is not to occupy certain stretches of territory but to destroy the opposing army by breaking down its defences: to understand this truth enables one better to estimate the significance of gains or losses. In the second place, it is clear that the so-called "war of movement" can be but the phase of pursuit in the present war of positions, and that its appearance will be the sign of victory for one side or the other: to know this, is to dismiss much vain speculation.

Besides this fundamental principle of modern warfare, Lieutenant Colonel Azan teaches, with equal thoroughness, another great lesson—the lesson of organization in its two aspects of specialization and collaboration. Everyone knows, of course, that soldiers have to be trained to expertness in many things besides marksmanship and the manual of arms, and that team work is a necessity. But it is safe to say that few of those who have yet to read this book have formed anything like adequate conceptions of the degree and variety of specialized skill required every day at the front, or of the importance and difficulty of securing mutual understanding among the various parts of an army. The planning, the map-making, the transmission of orders and information along the line and between front and rear—all this requires a

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degree of system, of individual good judgment, of coolness in emergencies, that we at home but faintly understand.

Notable for clearness and breadth of view, this treatise of Lieutenant Colonel Azan's is by no means lacking in precise facts; and the details are filled in from precious experience—experience gained at the expense of toil, and danger, and bloodshed. There is not a single fact in the book, however, which does not contribute to an understanding of the military problem as a whole. Moreover, always alert to prevent misconceptions, the author guards as carefully against over-dependence upon principle as against misleading emphasis upon particulars. He shows us the difference between red tape and real efficiency in the presence of an active enemy; he makes us see what the work of an officer really is.

If anyone still cherishes the secret hope that this war may be won almost any day merely through some extraordinary stroke of luck, or some strategic inspiration, or some sudden outburst of valor, on our side, or through some oversight on the part of the enemy, this book should bring him to a more practical frame of mind and a sterner resolution; for it reveals in a very striking and convincing way the real magnitude and complexity of the task that our American armies must help to accomplish. Of very great interest in this connection are the author's observations on the training of troops in America—a subject upon which Lieutenant Colonel Azan is qualified to speak with authority: it is to be hoped that his advice has not come too late to be of use in the present crisis. More than any exhortation, this book of tested theory and grim, practical war-wisdom will prove stimulating to Americans—both soldiers and civilians—because it tells just what is involved in the military task we have undertaken.

EUROPE'S FATAL HOUR. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1918.

Superficial people assume that when the Teutonic Powers have once been completely defeated, international crime will have been effectually discouraged for the future, and progress will continue uninterruptedly along the old lines. Thoughtful people are not contented with so easy an optimism. They see, in the first place, that it will be extremely difficult to ensure peace and progress by any new political devices or by any redistribution of territory. In the second place, they see that the hope of the world lies in a revision of ideals: there must be an ethical change.

This change is even now going on. It seems clear that after this war is over men will find that their whole attitude toward life has altered. Not only will they look upon large questions with new eyes, but they will feel a difference in their subconscious reactions, their impulses, their ideals. The lesson learned from the war will be formulated in a thousand different ways. Emphasis will be laid anew upon "efficiency" and "preparedness"; peace will be extolled as never before; progress will be re-defined. But what is the great underlying lesson that we are to learn?

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This is the question that Ferrero, the historian of ancient Rome, has set himself to answer in his book, *Europe's Fateful Hour.* He finds the solution of the problem in a very simple principle, derived from his study of antiquity.

Common sense and common conscience have always taught men that blessings limit one another; but the spirit of man revolts against limitations. Man is extreme even in his virtues; he builds towers of Babel; he is wise overmuch. Sometimes for brief periods there is wise living. The earlier Puritans, for example, had a large measure of sweet reasonableness; they loved God and did not despise life. But the later Puritans tended to sour fanaticism. We, their descendants, have reacted against the extreme of moral rigor; we have made the discovery that it is possible to be good without being dismal; but we have not reverted to the orderliness and equable force of Colonel Hutchinson and his fellows. On the contrary, it is easy, at least for our young people, to believe that it is possible to combine irresponsibility and "efficiency," to be entirely care-free and perfectly good. We want *both* extremes. Our rich men set no limits to their wealth, or to their philanthropy. They do not know when to stop getting money, or when to cease building libraries and endowing charities.

These are small illustrations. Everywhere may be seen the conflict between the ideal of quantity and that of quality, between power and perfection, between Romanticism and Classicism. Everywhere one may perceive the effort to achieve a paradoxical reconcilement of opposite extremes. The world has hoped to secure peace by preparing for war; it has tried to admire all ideals equally and has pursued contradictory aims with unexampled energy. "Our age desired power, but it also desired, in all sincerity, character, equity, justice, truth, good. It was easily angered if any one doubted of these virtues. Unfortunately, if it wanted these blessings, it was not the less constrained, by dominating passions and interests, to sacrifice them daily to its desire for riches and power."

Of the ideals of quality and perfection, the Latin races are the traditional custodians; and although these nations themselves have indulged not a little in the sin of immoderation and power-worship, the great overturners and breakers-down of the classic ideals of civilization and morals have been the Germans. They have, for one thing, perverted classical scholarship. Imitating their example, the rest of the world, before the war, had fallen into the way of regarding the classics as thorny sciences; and it was in a way to lose the true message of Greece and Rome. But the tendency to transform or altogether to disparage the study of the classics is, of course, but a striking symptom of a general disease—a disease that had originated in all countries at the same time, but that had taken firmest hold upon Germany.

Other peoples admire the *great;* Germany, the colossal. "The great is pure quality, whereas the colossal is quality with a large admixture of quantity. Stern intellectual discipline and humility are absolutely essential not only for the creation of the great, but also for its right understanding and appreciation. The colossal, on the contrary, is one of the myriad forms of human vanity and is readily

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understood and admired even by minds of coarser fibre, wholly devoid of education." It is based upon a sort of false mysticism which seeks the infinite in vagueness, in the absence of limitation, in boundless and grandiose desires.

But is not the secret of German success precisely that sense of order which is claimed as the especial possession of the Latin races? It is necessary to be clear on this point. Ferrero answers without hesitation, No. Order is not simply organization. Order is above all "the sense of the limits which a society ought not to overpass if it does not wish to see reason transform itself into folly, truth transform itself into error, beauty transform itself into ugliness, and good transform itself into evil."

Ferrero's fundamental idea is simple enough—so simple, indeed, that it would seem scarcely to require two hundred and fifty pages of print for its explication. The treatise is indeed prolix and eloquent rather than concise and analytical. Its central idea, however, appears to be as profound as it is simple, and its implications are wide and deep. To have stated the idea clearly, to have called attention arrestingly to the extent of its possible meaning—this is no mean achievement. Ferrero seems to have outlined a great and vital truth—a truth that is perhaps very close to *the* truth. There is something wholesome and inspiring in his exhortation to the world to return to the worship of that God who is "the august guardian of measure."

PROBLEMS OF THE PEACE. By William Harbutt Dawson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918.

When a crime is committed by an individual the ethical sense of mankind demands the punishment of the criminal. Revenge, it is true, is not the animus; but punishment is punishment—and it involves restraint and privation. Is there any reason why the same logic should not be applied to nations? To this question William Harbutt Dawson replies, in effect, that if it is out of the question to indict a whole nation, it is even more impracticable to punish a whole nation.

In a sense Germany is even now being punished. Se is sustaining enormous losses on the battlefield—making bloody sacrifices in a cause which, if she ever learns the truth, will fill her soul with loathing. At home her people are said to be upon the verge of starvation. The judgment of history will be against her—and age-long infamy in the sight of the whole world is no light matter. Yet all this does not seem to be enough. Germany, we say in our hearts, is a criminal, and she should be punished as criminals are punished.

Thus it appears that for the majority of men the ideas of justice and retaliation are almost inextricably intermixed. And history hardly furnishes a precedent to show the world how to deal with an international crime so monstrous, so deliberately premeditated, as that which Germany has perpetrated. Such is the ethical problem. The answer certainly cannot be given by a purely pacifist philosophy; indignation, even when it is righteous, may be a poor counselor; and so perhaps we cannot do better than listen to the warnings of caution and common sense.

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These are set forth by Mr. Dawson with that cool logic and that weight of conviction which always assure for this writer's views an attentive hearing. Though attached to moderation on principle, the author does not simply urge the practice of this virtue; rather he points out the formidable difficulties in the way of a punitive policy. His reasoning is hard to resist.

Proposed measures of economic retaliation range in practicability from the trade boycott of the Central Powers by the Allied nations to the internationalization of the Kiel Canal—"a measure," remarks Mr. Dawson, "at least more sensible than the alternative proposal, which is that it should be filled up." All these suggestions the author analyzes conscientiously, with the result that he finds them all defective. Stated simply, the unavoidable conclusion appears to be that commercial retaliation would mean not the punishment of Germany, but rather a continuation of the war under a new form; and it would mean that the real purpose of the Allies had failed. Moreover, the methods employed would necessarily be crude and wasteful. "As a simple weapon of commercial warfare, even a tariff of the ordinary kind is a device of questionable efficiency; far from being an arm of precision, it is at best a cumbersome blunderbuss with an ugly kick and an evil way of dispersing its shot indiscriminately. It is far worse with a trade boycott."

Proposals for political retaliation include projects of map-making of which the most extreme is the dismemberment of the German Empire. A thorough examination of even the more moderate and plausible of these plans strongly suggests that there is something vitally wrong with the conception on which they are all based. For example, to take from Prussia her Polish territories against her will would entail the expatriation of more Germans than Poles, and the last state of the Polish question would be worse than the first. Nor could anything but evil result from reversing the political situation in Austria-Hungary, by taking three millions of Germans bodily out of Austria and placing them under their old enemies, the Czechs. Changes, to be sure, are desirable. In Austria-Hungary a third kingdom comprising large Czech and Slovak populations might well be created. The southern Slav nations might advantageously be federated. But political changes should not be made rashly or in a spirit of retribution. It is really a very debatable question whether anything would ultimately be gained by excluding Germany wholly from the Near East or by depriving her of her colonies. As for the dismemberment of Germany, that, if it were possible, would be a signal for a new war for national unity. But in fact it would be a dismemberment in name only; for the states of the empire are organically united by interest and by feeling. Spiritual and economic dissection is beyond the power of political surgery.

Willy-nilly we must reckon with Germany in the future, and in some sense we must be reconciled to her. Unless the Allies should have the will and the power utterly to destroy her, she will remain a great nation, with power both passively and actively to help or harm the world. She will recover her strength. "I predict with confidence," writes Mr. Dawson, "that the rapidity of this recovery will even more startle the world than did the recovery of France after 1870." She will seek alliances, and she will find them, for alliances have always been determined in the long run by interest. Ill-judged retributive

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measures, then, would mean a resumption of the old European system, with its dangerous division of nations into hostile groups and its unsafe doctrine of the balance of power.

With a command of facts, a nicety of reasoning and a patience in analysis, that enforce respect, Mr. Dawson discusses all the difficult and delicate problems of the peace that is to follow the present war. The question of indemnities, of reparation, of the disposition of Alsace-Lorraine—these and many other questions he presents in a somewhat unexpected but very clear light. Always he inclines toward astonishingly moderate views. He even advocates, though admitting the moral right of France to say the last word on the subject, a compromise with regard to Alsace-Lorraine. It is difficult in this and some other cases to keep one's point of view so entirely objective as a proper appreciation of the argument doubtless requires. One occasionally feels that plain moral principles are safer guides than somewhat doubtful inferences from confusing evidence. But on the whole, Mr. Dawson's treatise expresses a point of view that cannot be left out of consideration.

The conclusion of the whole matter would seem to be that the victory of the Allies must be in the end a moral victory. A political and moral regeneration of Germany is what we must hope the war will lead to. If the evil spirit is driven out of Germany, then indeed we may dispense with retaliation; but if not, retaliation, Mr. Dawson seems to believe, would be worse if possible than a practical restoration of the condition that existed before the war. Moral victory, however, depends upon material victory; and material victory must be complete. It must also, alas, be costly: moral evils are not removed by easy triumphs.

THE MAKING OF A MODERN ARMY, AND ITS OPERATIONS IN THE FIELD. By René Radiguet, General de Division, Army of France. Translated by Henry P. du Bellet, formerly American Consul at Rheims. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1918.

More limited in scope and less philosophic in thought than Lieutenant Colonel Azan's treatise upon modern warfare, General Radiguet's little book, *The Making of a Modern Army,* perfectly fulfills the modest purpose declared by its author. It will certainly aid Americans "in reading between the lines of the *communiqués,* in comprehending the plan and the importance of individual engagements, and finally in enabling those who have relatives at the front to realize fully the importance of the parts assigned to them."

The book is, moreover, an admirably clear and concise manual of war knowledge. To young men who are expecting to become officers in the American Army it should be of very great use as affording a rapid yet somewhat detailed account of the facts and methods with which they will need to become thoroughly familiar. The principal points in regard to the work of every kind of troops, the value and use of every variety of weapon, the duties of officers, including those of the chief and his staff, are all fully outlined. The making of trenches and the organization of trench systems are carefully explained. With-

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out waste of words the author makes plain the practical reasons for things. Attack, defense, withdrawal, all the phases of combat, are set forth with the accuracy and with the sense of relative importance that one would expect of an experienced commander.

The ordinary reader will find in this volume, besides a concise description, clear as a blue-print, of the mechanism of a modern army, many facts that will help him to realize the huge scale of the work—for example, the striking fact that between the 12th and the 19th of April one four-gun battery fired about 3,600 shells per gun. Since this is a normal figure, it is easy to see that millions of shells are fired on a large front in a few hours. There are also citations of special acts of bravery in the book, as well as many interesting suggestions, among which one may note a hint concerning the desirability of arming soldiers with automatics for hand-to-hand combat.

More than once the author emphasizes the formidable thoroughness and determination of our enemies. He describes, for instance, the systematic fashion in which the Germans have prepared defensive positions in their rear. On the other hand, the superior physical condition and higher morale of the Allied troops give ground for confidence. The Germans, according to General Radiguet, were constrained to adopt the plan of training bodies of "shock-troops" for assault, because they had found that attacks with ordinary troops were ineffectual. The shock-troops are volunteers induced to enter specially dangerous service by the promise of better rations.

Some of General Radiguet's remarks have direct reference to America. With respect to aeroplanes, he urges Americans to sacrifice their pride as inventors and to adopt types of planes from among the best now used by the French, the British, the Italians, and even by the Germans. He makes clear why France needs American civil engineers and railroad men. A suggestion that he offers with respect to the training of troops in America seems extremely practical. In learning the work of attack and defense, the soldiers, he urges, should be trained upon "an exact reproduction of the shell-torn fields on which the American troops are destined to manœuvre in Europe."

The military information that is so important just now could not be obtained in a clearer form than in this book of General Radiguet's, nor could it be had from a more reliable source.

"OVER THERE" WITH THE AUSTRALIANS. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett, Anzac Scout. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918.

No troops have awakened more enthusiasm than the Anzacs; none better deserve admiration and gratitude. And there is a special appeal to the imagination in the story of their gathering and of their exploits. Captain Knyvett tells how the men poured in from the back country to the points of concentration; there was no transportation available, and so they walked. The Government took notice of their spontaneous movement and sent officers to meet them. The men were dressed in blue dungaree suits in lieu of uniforms and they were drilled along the road. They went with light-hearted courage, a high spirit of

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adventure. There is in the tale an epic quality which all that we know of the time when America, too, had a back-country teaches us to appreciate.

These men, who set out so zestfully on the road that was to lead to Gallipoli and to Pozières and Thiepval and Bapaume, were filled with physical vigor and with the superb confidence that physical vigor gives; they had youthful enthusiasm, the pioneer love of overcoming difficulties. They were intensely proud of their country and eager "to prove her worth as a breeder of men." By a natural and free impulse they were drawn into the war. If there had seemed to be deliberate heroism, moral resolution, in their behavior, the phenomenon would be less impressive; but they simply obeyed without much thought the instinct to fight for the right.

The men were taken to Egypt for training. Kitchener knew well the best place in which to train Australian daredevils, and "it was Egypt and the desert," declares Captain Knyvett, "that made Gallipoli possible."

Instances of bravery, individual and collective, abound in the story of the Dardanelles campaign. A characteristic exploit, exactly the kind of exploit that Americans most strongly react to, is that of the New Zealander Lieutenant Freyberg (now Brigadier-General Freyberg, V. C.), who swam, towing a raft, from his ship to the coast at Bulair and by lighting flares kept a whole Turkish army in momentary expectation of an attack; after which he swam five miles out to sea, searching for the destroyer that was to pick him up, and then, when he had floated several more hours, was picked up exhausted and half dead. In the record of Australians and New Zealanders at Gallipoli and in France there are numerous instances of just such gameness; and the initiative, the dauntless courage, of these troops in battle is inspiring.

If there is any work more trying to nerve and soul than that of a scout in No Man's Land one would like to know what it is. Captain Knyvett's simply related deeds are terrifying to think about. How many persons understand what this scouting means? How many know, for instance, that the scouts are trained for work in the dark by being made to go through the ordinary soldiers' exercises blindfolded, until they gain the extra sense that a blind man has?

After long and meritorious service, Captain Knyvett was struck by a bomb and badly smashed. In a French hospital he partially recovered, but one of his legs was paralyzed and he was sent home to Australia. The grafting of a nerve upon the injured nerve of his leg made him an active man again, and he returned to the front. [Captain Knyvett has since succumbed to the effects of his injury.—EDITOR.]

Blunt and somewhat boyish in style, astonishingly effective in phrasing now and then, Captain Knyvett's narrative possesses a raw realism and a bare sincerity that go right to the heart. The author writes in an absolutely simple, conversational manner. He does not carefully work up anecdotes; he does not seem to try for jocularity or for the effect of atmosphere or flavor in describing a soldier's life. In consequence, no other narrative of personal war-experience so insistently, though undesignedly, suggests to the reader the searching question, Am I capable of such devotion to duty?

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BLOCKING NEW WARS. By Herbert S. Houston. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1918.

It is, of course, one thing to argue that a commercial boycott would be wise as a measure of retaliation against Germany and quite another to maintain that economic pressure, or the threat of it, might help to prevent wars. In the latter case one has to compare the cost of engaging in commercial warfare with the cost of armed conflict. The comparison, as made by Mr. Herbert S. Houston, results in the conclusion that the grand total of the imports and exports of all the belligerent nations for 1912 falls far below the sum expended by each of these nations for war purposes in a single year. Nor can it be reasonably objected, as Mr. Houston further points out, that the effect of the proposed plan would be heaviest on non-combatants; "for as the less cannot exceed the greater, economic pressure alone, as a preliminary force to prevent war, will never be so hard upon women and children and other non-combatants as economic pressure in time of war."

The plan, Mr. Houston makes plain, has the support of many experienced business men, and so cannot be regarded as a dream of economic theorists or peace enthusiasts. If properly developed, it might lead not only to greater security against international lawlessness, but also to greater convenience in the transaction of business between the citizens of different nations. Both of these purposes would, it seems, be served by the establishment of an international clearing house and an international chamber of commerce.

The real effectiveness of the scheme is what most needs demonstration. As Mr. Houston acknowledges, the contention that if a league of nations pledged to employ economic pressure in the interests of peace had existed before the outbreak of the present war, Austria might have been held in check, is subject to the important qualification, "if Germany had been a member of the league." But, needless to say, Germany, whether she belonged to a league of nations or not, might easily have prevented Austria from going to war. In order to estimate the value of the device, one must consider what its effect would have been upon Germany herself. Germany, no one doubts, had counted the cost and would have taken the plunge in any event.

As has often been pointed out, commercial intercourse does not necessarily mean friendship, nor is mutuality of commercial interests a safeguard against the menace of militarism. The plan of using the threat of commercial warfare as a restraint seems, however, to be a logical part of the programme of the League to Enforce Peace, which is generally regarded as on the whole the most hopeful suggestion that has been made toward preventing war. The commercial boycott would introduce an intermediate stage between the breaking-off of diplomatic relations and the declaration of war. Its application would have the effect of calling the bluff of any bellicose nation, without actually precipitating hostilities.

Although Mr. Houston's treatment of the subject is rather too brief to carry complete conviction, his book is of value as setting forth a carefully formulated programme, argumentatively explained and backed by considerable authority.

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OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

XIV

(*April* 1—*May* 1)

WHEN the thirteenth month of American participation in the war against Germany opened, the great drive of the Central Powers in their spring offensive was in full swing. Already it had resulted in substantial gains of territory for Hindenburg's forces, and Berlin was celebrating the capture of a large number of guns and many thousands of British prisoners. Throughout practically all the month the drive continued, with occasional halts for reorganization, but with steady gain for the German arms. Their progress, however, became slower and slower as the extension of their lines increased their own difficulties, and as the Allied position improved and resistance was strengthened. Finally, almost at the close of the month, the Germans met a distinct and disastrous defeat. They had forced the British out of their positions on the Messines Ridge and had advanced their salient to the south of Ypres. That was the beginning of their last success. On April 29th General von Arnim, with sixteen divisions, delivered an all day assault on a fifteen mile front. The Germans were met by heavy machine gun cross fire and were literally mowed down. Thirteen of von Arnim's divisions were broken up and thrown out of the fighting. At this writing no renewal of the drive has been attempted.

Meantime, on April 15 General Foch had been formally appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies in France. Up to March 25 he had been serving as special adviser of the Supreme War Council at Versailles, and since March 25 he had been giving instructions, but only as to strategy. Since April 15 he has been giving orders as Supreme Commander on the Western front, and Italian and American troops are in his army, as well as British and French. The American forces in France have been put on the lines as rapidly as possible, brigaded with both British and French troops. On April 20 the Germans in considerable force attacked a part of the line held by our troops at Seicheprey, but were completely repulsed after hard fighting. Berlin reported the capture of 183 Americans. General Pershing reported that we had suffered rather severe losses, but there has been no confirmation of the Berlin report of this capture.

Toward the close of the month Germany began pushing Holland in a manner indicating an intention to drive the Dutch into the war. A pretext was made of the old question of transportation of sand and gravel. The month closed with the situation very critical for the Dutch, although possibility of a settlement has not been exhausted.

The steady progress of the German drive was accompanied nat-

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many by a rising tide of annexationist sentiment. The intransigeants recognized their day and again talked of indemnities and of "compensation for their sufferings, their sacrifices and their losses." There was much open expression of their determination to seize the iron deposits of France and to disregard the claims of Belgium.

While this was going on there was occurring a singularly interesting and significant series of events, centered at Vienna and aimed, apparently, at an effort to take advantage of the temporary success in arms to promote a "German peace." This series opened on April 2, when Count Czernin addressed a deputation of the Vienna City Council. He began with the boast that "with the signature of peace with Roumania war in the East is ended," and, after further felicitation on that fact, proceeded to discuss President Wilson's speech of February 11, in reply to the Czernin address of January 24. He acquitted the President of any intention to drive a wedge between Vienna and Berlin, saying "he does not desire that and knows that it is impossible."

Count Czernin then joined Count Hertling, the German Chancellor, in declaring that the four principles of Mr. Wilson's speech "are a suitable basis upon which to begin negotiations about a general peace. The question is whether or not Mr. Wilson will succeed in uniting his Allies upon this basis."

After describing the efforts which he alleged the Central Powers had made to avoid a new offensive, Count Czernin said:

"A short time before the beginning of the offensive in the West, M. Clemenceau inquired of me whether and upon what basis I was prepared to negotiate. I immediately replied, in agreement with Berlin, that I was ready to negotiate, and that, as regards France, I saw no other obstacle to peace than France's desire for Alsace-Lorraine. The reply from Paris was that it was impossible to negotiate on that basis. There was then no choice left."

Having thus intimated again to the United States their willingness to consider peace, ostensibly on the Wilson basis, Count Czernin went on to advise the President, the Allies and the Entente generally in indirect but no less forceful phrase of the real character of the peace the Central Powers are seeking. "We are fighting," he said, "united for the defence of Austria-Hungary and Germany. * * * Whatever may happen we shall not sacrifice German interests any more than Germany will desert us. Loyalty on the Danube is not less than German loyalty."

Thereupon the Austrian Foreign Minister threw in a little discussion of the terms of peace with Ukraine and Roumania, as if by way of interpreting what he expected in a peace with France, Great Britain, Italy and the United States. He said that the peace with Ukraine and Roumania included "full protection" for "our interests in the questions of grain, food supply, and petroleum," as well as "indemnification for the injustice innocently suffered by many of our countrymen owing to the war." Then he added, "I do not intend to go begging for peace, or to obtain it by entreaties or lamentations, but to enforce it by our moral right and physical strength."

"Those who continuously beg for peace," he continued, "are despicable and foolish. * * * To endeavor to conclude peace at any price is despicable for it is unmanly, and it is foolish because it

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continuously feeds the already dying aggressive spirit of the enemy. * * * The leaders of the people must consider that certain utterances made abroad produce just the opposite effect from that they desire."

This speech evoked immediate and bitter retort from Paris and led in a short time to the downfall of Count Czernin. When Premier Clemenceau was asked about Czernin's statement that he had initiated a peace move, he replied with only two words, "Czernin lied."

Washington took this remarkable speech as a new peace drive, launched by the Central Powers at what they regarded as a favorable moment, when their armies were making substantial progress on the Western front. It was a calculated effort to entrap President Wilson by seeking to appeal to his well known readiness to consider peace at any stage of the war, provided there appears a possibility of securing a genuine peace on decent terms. Also Czernin probably had in mind the possibility of driving a political wedge between Great Britain and France, but Clemenceau's terse and vigorous comment upset the calculations of the Teutonic statesmen. Subsequent developments showed that Clemenceau was prepared very amply to back up his charge.

On April 5 the French Government issued a statement disclosing the fact that an interview had been had in Switzerland between Count Revertata, counselor of the Austrian Legation at Berne, and Count Armand, an official agent of the Paris Government. But it was at the Austrian's initiative and Count Revertata wrote of it as held "with a view to obtaining from the French Government a proposition to Austria which might lead to future peace and be of such a nature as to be susceptible of being endorsed by Austria and presented to the German Government." The French statement added that "Count Czernin in his speech not only did not tell the truth, but told the opposite of the truth, which in France is termed 'lying'."

On April 11th Emperor Charles of Austria personally entered the controversy with a telegram to the German Kaiser saying "I accuse M. Clemenceau of piling up lies to escape the web of lies in which he is involved, making the false assertion that I in some manner recognized France's claims to Alsace-Lorraine as just. I naturally repel this assertion. At the moment when Austro-Hungarian cannon are firing along the Western front, no proof is necessary that I am fighting for your provinces."

That same day the French Government made public in Paris the text of a letter written by Emperor Charles to Prince Sixtus de Bourbon, his brother-in-law, and sent by Prince Sixtus on March 31, 1917, to President Poincaré. In this letter Emperor Charles, after asserting the solidarity of the peoples of the dual monarchy and their determination, spoke of the bravery, resistance and dash of the French and hoped that "his keen sympathy for France, joined to that which prevails in the whole monarchy, will avoid a return of the state of war for which no responsibility can fall on me."

"With this in mind," continued the Emperor Charles, "and to show in a definite manner the reality of these feelings, I beg you to convey privately and unofficially to President Poincaré that I will support by every means, and by exerting all influence with my Allies,

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France's just claims regarding Alsace-Lorraine." To this unequivocal declaration regarding France's rights in Alsace-Lorraine, the Austrian Emperor added a declaration about Belgium which, he said, "should be entirely re-established in her sovereignty, retaining entirely her African possessions, without prejudice to the compensations she should receive for losses she has undergone."

This disclosure produced rage in Berlin, dismay in Vienna and rejoicing in Paris and the Allied capitals. Vienna gave numerous explanations in defence—the letter was written by the Duchess of Parma, mother-in-law of Emperor Charles, and the Emperor had merely added some lines over his signature: the letter as published in Paris was garbled: the letter as published was a false version: the letter was a forgery, etc. Before the publication of the text, the Austro-German press had referred to it as a pure invention.

The downfall of Czernin came promptly after the publication of this letter. On April 15 it was reported both from Holland and Switzerland. At the same time it was announced that Emperor Charles had telegraphed to the German Kaiser, "Clemenceau's accusations against me are so low that I have no intention longer to discuss this affair with France. My cannon in the West are our last reply." That same day he accepted Czernin's resignation, but continued him temporarily in charge of foreign affairs. It was said in explanation of Czernin that he had not known of Emperor Charles's letter to Prince Sixtus until the French made it public. The latest attitude of the Austrian Government is that the letter to Prince Sixtus was forged and it now professes to be endeavoring to learn who was responsible for the delivery of the forged letter to the French press.

On April 17 Baron Burian, Minister of Finance in the Austrian Government and former Minister of Foreign Affairs, was recalled to the Foreign Office to take Czernin's place. He is a super-reactionary who may be expected to attempt to outdo the German Junkers.

It has also developed from Paris that Prince Sixtus had received two letters from Emperor Charles. The second has not been made public, a fact which may have some bearing upon the Emperor's refusal longer to continue the discussion.

If Czernin was really desirous of evoking a declaration from President Wilson on the subject of the possibility of peace, he was promptly successful, although no doubt he did not seek exactly what he got. On April 6 the campaign for the Third Liberty Loan began. President Wilson went to Baltimore to open the campaign and to review a division of troops from Camp Meade. It was an inauspicious day for peace talk. The President began his speech by saying:

"This is the anniversary of our acceptance of Germany's challenge to fight for our right to live and be free, and for the sacred rights of freemen everywhere. The nation is awake. There is no need to call to it. We know what the war must cost, our utmost sacrifice, the lives of our fittest men and, if need be, all that we possess."

In this speech President Wilson notified Germany and her Allies of the intention and readiness of the United States to use force to the utmost, without stint or limit, to accomplish victory.

"I call you to witness," he said, "that at no stage of this terrible business have I judged the purposes of Germany intemperately.

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* * * I have sought to learn the objects Germany has in this war from the mouths of her own spokesmen, and to deal as frankly with them as I wished them to deal with me. * * * I have sought to learn from those who spoke for Germany whether it was justice or dominion and the execution of their own will upon the other nations of the world that Germany's leaders were seeking. * * *

"They have answered—answered in unmistakable terms. They have avowed that it was not justice but dominion and the unhindered execution of their own will. The avowal has not come from Germany's statesmen. It has come from her military leaders who are her real rulers. * * * We cannot mistake what they have done in Russia, in Finland, in the Ukraine and in Roumania. The real test of their justice and fair play has come. From this we may judge the rest. * * *

"I accept the challenge. I know that you accept it. All the world shall know that you accept it. * * * Germany has once more said that force and force alone shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men, whether right as America conceives it or dominion as she conceives it shall determine the destinies of mankind. There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: force, force to the utmost; force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

The next day, telegraphing to King George of England, in reply to greetings on the anniversary of American entry into the war, the President said:

"Permit me also to assure your Majesty that we shall continue to do everything possible to put the whole force of the United States into this great struggle."

The month closed with vigorous preparation to carry out the purpose thus so clearly expressed by the President, to put the entire force of the nation into the struggle. Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, having returned from his inspection of American troops in France and his conferences with our Allies, took to the House Committee on Military Affairs the estimates of the War Department for appropriations for the ensuing year. He based these estimates upon an unlimited army, and he told this Committee that it was the desire of the President to raise, equip and train the largest number of men possible. Alteration of the existing law which requires the President to raise troops in increments of 500,000 was desired. The estimates submitted aggregate about fifteen billion dollars, which Mr. Baker requested Congress to appropriate for the service of the army for the next year. That sum is considerably larger than the entire expenditure of the Government for the current year. At the same time Mr. Baker announced the early calling to the colors of several hundred thousand more men and reiterated his statement of belief that we should have more than one million five hundred thousand men in France before the end of the year. Shipments of men and supplies to Europe have been greatly accelerated already and will be further increased.

Congress has been working on various measures designed to assist in the equipment of the country for war. Two of these have been exceptionally controversial. One was the bill intended to confer upon

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the President extraordinary powers with reference to co-ordination and reorganization of Governmental departments. The other is designed to enable the Government to punish disloyalty and sedition.

The month has seen practical confession of failure in one of the most important measures of preparation—the production of aircraft. On April 10, the Senate Committee on Military Affairs rendered two reports of its investigation into this question. The majority report called the Signal Corps work greatly disappointing; contained pointed criticism of the Government for procrastinating, neglect to arrive at quick decisions, and for misrepresenting the progress of the aviation programme. The minority report laid emphasis upon the fact that contracts had been let for the production of a large number of battle planes in France. During the remainder of the month the subject was before the Senate repeatedly and numerous ugly insinuations of criminality were made. Direct charges did not become public, however. On April 24 the situation reached a climax in the reorganization of aircraft production. President Wilson appointed John D. Ryan, of Montana, president of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and a member of the Red Cross War Council, to be Chairman of the Aircraft Board and Director-General of Aircraft Production in place of Howard E. Coffin. Major-General George O. Squier, head of the Signal Corps of the army, was displaced as head of the aviation section and a new division of aeronautics was created with Brigadier-General William L. Kenly as its head.

In pleasant contrast with the situation regarding aircraft production was the work of the United States Shipping Board. The demand for more men in France, emphasized by the progress of the German drive, resulted, naturally, in increased efforts to stimulate ship production in this country. On April 2 Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the Shipping Board, telegraphed every shipyard in the country that "the American people want ships, not excuses." March deliveries were 30,000 tons under estimate. He demanded a general speeding up.

On April 9 it was announced in Washington that by additional restriction on imports, by withdrawing ships from the less necessary trades, and by obtaining neutral tonnage, the United States had been able to put 2,762,605 tons of shipping into the North Atlantic service to carry men and munitions to France. Of this amount 2,365,434 tons were registered as American. Japan had promised about 250,000 tons by summer.

On April 16 a new post was created in the shipping organization—that of Director General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. It was filled by the appointment of Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Mr. Schwab is to have "practically unlimited powers in connection with the work of construction of all shipyards of the country doing work for the Fleet Corporation." That announcement was made at the White House, following a conference with the Shipping Board representatives and Mr. Schwab with the President. Mr. Hurley continues as Chairman of the Shipping Board and President of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and Charles Piez continues as Vice-President of the Fleet Corporation. The post of General Manager of the Fleet Corporation previously filled by Mr. Piez is abolished.

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On April 19 Mr. Schwab opened offices [illegible] the division chiefs of the Fleet Corporation connected with ship construction and about fifteen hundred employees with him, and it was announced that the operating department would be removed to New York. It was also announced that the output of tonnage for April would be about 240,000 tons and that the indicated output for the year would be more than four million tons. The month closed with a signal triumph for the Shipping Board in the launching of a 5,500-ton steel ship in twenty-seven days and three hours after the laying of the keel.

The campaign for the Third Liberty Loan has occupied the entire month. It closed with a substantial over-subscription in practically all of the twelve districts. At this writing it is too early to give the figures, but it is known that the loan has been the most successful undertaken by this Government, and probably the most successful of all those taken by the Allies in the number of subscribers. Preliminary figures show that probably more than 17,000,000 individuals have taken part in subscribing to this loan. This is another evidence of the accuracy of the President's statement at Baltimore on April 6 that the nation is awake.

[*This record is as of May* 1 *and is to be continued*]

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CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

LET MASSACHUSETTS LEAD

(*From The Boston Transcript*)

At the dinner tendered Lord Reading by the Lotos Club a fortnight or more ago, Colonel George Harvey made a suggestion pertinent to the times which has not found favor with professional politicians of either party. On that account it has attracted all the more attention among the people to whom "nothing else matters until the war is won." The suggestion was that the usual campaign preceding the election of a new House of Representatives, which the Constitution fixes for November next, be abandoned, to the end that the people might be spared the annoyance of the blare of partisan trumpets and give ear only to counsel and constructive criticism intended to speed up the conduct of the war and hasten the day of victory. The election must be held, but the campaign could easily become so nominal that the mass of the people would pay little attention to it and content themselves only with an examination of the records on the war of the candidates seeking reëlection. No congressman who has opposed either directly or indirectly the vigorous prosecution of the war since the declaration of hostilities ought to be reëlected. The number of those is not large and it ought not to require a campaign from coast to coast to defeat them. Concentration upon the opponents of the war and its left-handed supporters would accomplish the desired result of weeding these men out of Congress and replacing them with duly qualified citizens to whom the winning of the war as swiftly as possible is the paramount purpose of their lives.

Fortunately for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, its representation in both houses of Congress is without any taint of disloyalty, and it includes no cuckooes. Of the sixteen congressmen in the House, fifteen will be candidates for re-election. They are Representatives Treadway, Gillett, Paige, Winslow, Rogers, Lufkin, Dallinger, Tinkham, Greene and Walsh, Republicans; and Representatives Phelan, Tague, Gallivan and Olney, Democrats; and Representative Fuller, Independent. Representative Carter, Republican, will retire from Congress at the end of his term, and therefore his successor must be chosen. So far as the fifteen candidates for re-election are concerned, however—the Republicans and the Democrats—we can think of no good reason why the suggestion of Colonel Harvey should not be adopted by the people of Massachusetts. The traditional policies of peace times upon which the parties divide are not uppermost in the mind of the electorate today, but have very properly been subordinated to policies that concern the conduct of the war. The

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Democratic members of the delegation, as well as the Republican members, have not abandoned their allegiance to their country and set up in its place an allegiance to the administration. Their loyalty has been loyalty to the Government and not to the personality of any member of the administration. This is not to say that every member of the delegation has been wise in all of his criticisms or in all of his compliments, but no member of the delegation has ceased to function as a congressman or is guilty today of uttering the cuckoo cry "Don't criticize—energize," a slogan of cowardice which is the successor of "Safety First" in the lexicon of national self-abasement.

In other years it will be possible to strengthen the delegation by the election of a number of men better qualified for congressional service. We can well afford to make loyalty the acid test this year—loyalty to congressional responsibility, the loyalty of intelligence and courage. Such a test the Massachusetts members of the House of Representatives, both Republicans and Democrats, can pass. What is true of the Massachusetts congressmen is true of the Massachusetts senators. In Lodge and Weeks the Commonwealth has two representatives in the Upper House of Congress whose fearless pressure for maximum efficiency in the conduct of the war is daily felt at both ends of Pennsylvania avenue. To recall either one would be worse than a loss to Massachusetts; it would be a disadvantage to the nation.

Massachusetts may well lead in the adoption of Colonel Harvey's timely suggestion by serving notice on the professional politicians to keep out of this State this year, and by re-electing the whole Massachusetts delegation at Washington in recognition of the loyalty with which they have supported the prosecution of the war, opposed its misconduct wherever they believed they found misconduct, and stood by the Government in its every forward step toward victory. Let us keep these men on the job until the war is won or until one of them falls a victim to the sneaking hope of a premature peace. The professional politicians will not welcome the idea that this is an off year for them. But this is the people's war; they will pay its costs; they are the only sovereigns in this country. Their representatives at Washington are their head servants and nothing more.

DOWN WITH NINCOMPOOPISM!

(*From The Louisville Courier-Journal*)

The President spoke well at Baltimore, as, barring an occasional slip of tongue, he speaks everywhere and always. The born pacifist finds it hard to change himself into a warrior. But Woodrow Wilson was not born a pacifist. He accepted pacifism as a part of the gospel of Sweetness and Light to which he became a convert during his literary salad days and has pursued it professionally as President of the United States.

He has learned the needful lesson in the White House. His present answer to the gage of battle thrown down by the Kaiser leaves nothing to be added or desired. It aroused the listening Marylanders to a high pitch of enthusiasm. . . .

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The President has gotten bravely over the conceit that we are fighting only the autocracy, headed by Billy Be Dam'd, and his militarist Blood Tubs, not the German people; to Hell with them, along with the Hohenzollerns! Forced by Germany to take up arms in defense of all we hold near and dear, we are fighting to shield our wives and children from the defiling hand of the Germans. We are fighting to protect our homes from a beast that knows no mercy, a beast whose lust is destruction. We are fighting to preserve the institutions we love, the liberty we cherish, the freedom that belongs to us. We are fighting in France because it is there we can strike the enemy, but if we are defeated in France we shall be conquered in America; no longer freemen, but slaves of the most merciless and brutal taskmaster the world has known. Nor is it true that for the German people we have no feeling of hate. As George Harvey truly says, "you can no more separate the German Government from the German people than you can separate the bite of the mad dog from his blood," proceeding to show that the wickedness and infamy of the German people is in their blood; and the corruption and poison of their blood that have made them—not a small class or a caste, not their rulers alone, but the whole people—a nation of savages; and then, writing in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, he says:

> Nor is it true that the Prussian alone is guilty. The brutality of the Prussian cannot be exceeded, for that were impossible, by Bavarian or Saxon, but in the refinement of their cruelty, their beastliness, their inhumanity, between North and South German there is little choice.
>
> With this premise established our duty lies clear before us.
>
> Our duty is to kill Germans. To the killing of Germans we must bend all our energies. We must think in terms of German dead, killed by rifles in American hands, by bombs thrown by American youths, by shells fired by American gunners. The more Germans we kill the fewer American graves there will be in France; the more Germans we kill the less danger to our wives and daughters; the more Germans we kill the sooner we shall welcome home our gallant lads. Nothing else now counts. There is no thought other than this, no activity apart from the duty forced upon us by Germany. The most highly civilized nations are united as they never were before, actuated by the same impulse. In England, France and Italy, among the English speaking peoples of the new world, under the southern cross and on the torrid plains, they, like us, see their duty clear. It is, we repeat, to kill Germans.

That is the way to "spit it out." To the devil with the sensibilities of those nincompoops who waste their sympathies over the sufferings of the lobster as his complexion turns from dirty blue into delicate pink, while they are unmoved by the misery of the Belgians and the French. Down with nincompoopism! The millions of easy-going Americans, flattering themselves they are Christians because they feel no hate, to whom the war has as yet no meaning, need to be aroused to a realization of what the war means, not only to them, but to their men; that it is the lives of their men against the lives of Germans.

"We do not know how many Germans we have yet to kill," says George Harvey, to which the *Courier-Journal* suggests a million, or more, nor all of them on the battlefield, for there are hundreds, maybe thousands, of spies and secret agents, who must likewise be looked after.

Nor an end of the war until the Stars and Stripes float over Potsdam, until the boys in khaki are quartered in Berlin and have made Unter den Linden their own, until Bill the Damned hangs from a cross-

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bar in front of the Schloss, and justice has been rendered by the German nation and people—ample, pecuniary justice—to Serbia, Belgium and France.

"UNANIMOUS CONSENT"

(From The Evening Mail)

Our good friend Colonel George Harvey and others who are urging the election of senators and congressmen next fall on a unanimous consent platform—that is, by agreement of Republicans and Democrats on candidates—ignore the fact that this was never intended to be, and is not now, a unanimous-consent government.

Ours is a government by parties—by political division of the people. It has never been better governed than when the party in power found itself faced in Congress by a spirited, critical minority; it has never been more poorly governed than when the party in power has had an overwhelming majority in Congress, and King Caucus, backed by executive decree, has legislated by steam-roller.

We are not to forget—indeed, in these days we must not forget—that the preamble to our constitution begins "We, the people of the United States * * *" The people have many opinions. They view events great and small from many angles. Every citizen is entitled to express himself as he believes to be for the best interest of the government. Sound thinking for the country is not confined to Washington, whether in the White House or in Congress; the truest interpretation of the aspirations and purposes of our nation comes from the ballot box. Take it by and large, as we look back through our century and a quarter of years, our election figures from time to time have pointed the way to our destinies more wisely, more safely, than have the voices of our statesmen.

Election day is our day of judgment by the people. It is the bulwark of our government, the best anchor we can tie to. It is never more so than in times of stress. It must be free from manipulation by two-party agreements. We must have a free Congress if we are to have a real Congress. Republicans and Democrats are one in the resolve to fight this war to a victorious finish, whether it takes one year or ten; but Republicans and Democrats may differ greatly as to the conduct of the war. In so doing, provided their differences are based on honest and broad grounds, they really help win the war. They uncover mistakes before mistakes prove disastrous; they make optimism justify itself, instead of leaving it to run riot in imagination.

President Wilson has had a more solid support from Republican senators and congressman than any President has ever had in war time from political opponents. He has had a more helpful, broader support from Republicans than he has had from his own party. He has been more bitterly assailed by Democrats than by others; and he has assailed Democrats—the latest his friend Senator Chamberlain—more bitterly than he has assailed Republicans. At the same time, Republicans have not hesitated to call attention to the weaknesses—some inevitable, others not inevitable—of the administration's methods, plans and delays. It cannot be truthfully said that the criticisms from the Republican side have been captious, petty or not well based. Men of the type of Senator

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Lodge have remained silent under great pressure from war conditions to speak the truth to the country. They have waited hopefully for a change for the better; they have resisted demand after demand to make known the facts before them; they spoke only when silence had become a menace to the true interest of our country.

Such an opposition is an inspiration to good government, to responsible leadership. It ought to be welcomed, not opposed, by those in authority. Whether it is welcomed or not, the people, we may be sure, will insist upon it. No combination of party managers, if one should be attempted, could avail against the popular determination to have Congress what it was intended to be—the free expression of the people's desires and opinions.

THE "STAATSZEITUNG" AND THE CONSTITUTION

(*From The Staatszeitung*)

Colonel George Harvey, who so ably edits THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, can lay claim to inclusion among our most distinguished citizens. Yet, even he is neither "two-thirds of both Houses" of the Congress nor "the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several states." A certain presumption might consequently attach to the Colonel's attempt personally to amend the Constitution of the United States by passing over the Congressional elections this autumn, were his motives for the suggestion not so patently good. Colonel Harvey apparently looks with apprehension upon a change of Congressional complexion that might lessen the earnest coöperation between the Capitol and the White House in the prosecution of the war. The Colonel worries needlessly—even dangerously, when his worries move him to so very radical a suggestion as that which he made at the dinner given to Lord Reading the other night.

The Republican party has an honorable war record. A Democratic President has received from its representatives in the Congress sound counsel and unflinching support. On more occasions that one, when Democratic legislators on Capitol Hill developed signs of truculence, Republicans put through legislation asked for by the President and demanded by the situation. It is idle, therefore, to say that the country has anything to fear from an election which might return a Republican to the Congress from a district at present represented by a Democrat. To say it, is to indict the whole Republican candidacy of disloyalty. The record of the Republicans now in the Congress disproves the indictment, even before it is delivered.

Colonel Roosevelt very frequently says some very foolish things. There is no questioning his loyalty, however, even when he "lets himself out" as he did down in Maine the other night. "It is the duty of the Republican Party", said Colonel Roosevelt in his Portland speech, "to stand like a rock against inefficiency, incompetence, hesitation, and delay no less than against any lukewarmness in serving the common cause of ourselves and our allies." Sometimes the Colonel is given to finding "inefficiency, incompetence, hesitation, and delay" where they do not exist. This statement of principles, however, and of the duty of the Republican party is eminently sound. The same principle and the same duty are recognized by the Democratic party. It is, therefore, difficult

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to see what either has to fear from the other as a result of an election required by the Constitution.

Under the political systems of other parliamentary countries general elections may be waived. Under our own, elections must be carried out as they are definitely provided for by the fundamental law of the land. So ingeniously conceived is our Constitution, however, that while a change in the political complexion of the Congress may be effected every two years, only death or impeachment can change the Executive until the term for which he is elected has expired. This condition has sometimes resulted in peace time in predicament. There is no danger whatever of it resulting so in war time. So far, party lines have been obliterated in the Congress. They will undoubtedly continue so until the end of the war.

There would, therefore, appear to be no good reason why the Constitution, rather than Colonel Harvey, should not have its way this year, as it has been allowed to have it for the last one hundred and thirty years. While we gladly admit our admiration of the Colonel's many distinguished and estimable qualities, we are compelled to say that we think his recent novel suggestion something of a slur on both the Democratic and Republican parties.

A LOTOS DREAM

(*From The Brooklyn Times*)

The unmistakably American writer for the *World* who described the banquet of the Lotos Club, and the even more profound student of the laws and institutions of the United States who prepared a headline for the stirring and striking article the writer produced, distinguished our good friend, Colonel George Harvey, as the chief, the exemplar, the archetype of all the Bolsheviki, in their exuberant interpretation of the speech the Colonel made. Probably no one in all this broad land was more amazed than Colonel Harvey when he read at the top of the first column on the front page of our contemporary, this revolutionary caption: "Keep Wilson In As the President, Colonel Harvey Urges." Nor did his amazement lose its momentum, we venture to say, when he found it printed in black and white that

> Original sponsor for President Wilson in 1906, later a predictor of Mr. Wilson's defeat by Justice Hughes, and after Mr. Wilson's election, his bitter critic and lampooner, Colonel Harvey, nevertheless, last night deplored the injection of political partisanship into affairs at Washington, and urged the two great parties reach some agreement whereby Mr. Wilson might retain office without the animosities and expense of a contest at the polls, presumably for the duration of the war.

We confess that when this paragraph assaulted our sense, we cried out, "Colonel, don't!" We prepared rapidly an appeal on behalf of the rights and liberties of our fellow countrymen, and the Constitution in deadly danger, from Phil, old scout, to Philip the day after. We felt rushing up in us a plea to Colonel Harvey to give the matter reconsideration—not in the Lotos Club, but somewhere else.

Fortunately, before we committed this to type, we read on. And on. And brought up, bang, at the end of Colonel Harvey's speech without finding a single reference to the election for a President of the United States, to be held, in accordance with law and custom, in the year 1920.

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Having thus followed the lines in our vain quest, we read between the lines. Still the matter of the next Presidential election remained remote and untouched by any thought of Colonel Harvey's. He did speak of the coming Congressional elections. He did say that the legislative branch of government should remain in political harmony with the executive branch. He did urge that this be assured by an agreement of the leaders of both the great political parties to unite on all the present members of Congress, except the few whose disloyalty was easily ascertainable, or already ascertained. "True," said Colonel Harvey, "we must observe the form of an election, but there should be but one issue—loyalty to country, to civilization and to God."

Our concern for the Constitution is relieved. Colonel Harvey does not intend to commit a revolution. He just wants everybody to vote for the Democratic candidates in the coming election, who are already in Congress, or the Republicans who are already in Congress. With the exception of one or two here and there, whose names, doubtless, he will furnish on application. So far as the Colonel is concerned, we shall go right on being a Republic. But our contemporary should realize that the Lotos Club is dangerous except for seasoned veterans who can remain cool under the heaviest artillery fire.

"FATUOUS NOTIONS OF DUTY AND LOYALTY"

(From The Evening Sun)

Colonel George Harvey—like some other contemporary thinkers—has a strange idea of the United States Constitution. He seems to think it is an elastic bag with reversible lining.

His latest simple and easy proposition is that the Congress elections falling due in the early winter of this year should not be held or should be turned into a mere farce, the Constitution and the laws to the contrary notwithstanding, because in his opinion they are not necessary. He launched the idea at a Lotos Club speech on Wednesday evening. He thought the setting aside of the election was a mere matter of arrangement between the leaders of the two political parties. This looks like a neat, modern adaptation of Congressman "Tim" Campbell's famous remark.

Colonel Harvey's rosewater inspiration is quite characteristic of the period. Fatuous notions of duty and loyalty take the place of robust common sense. He fears that an election may be made the occasion of partisan striving. Well, what of it, if partisan rivalry bring out wholesome criticism and healthy competition for popular favor by demonstration of ability to serve?

What could possibly be more welcome to smug self-sufficiency and inefficiency, should they by any remote chance creep into high places, than an "arrangement" that would guarantee them against the acid test of the popular suffrage?

RHETORIC AND SPILT MILK

(From The Evening Globe)

Colonel Roosevelt is unquestionably right in saying that it is by shooting rather than shouting at Germany the war is to be won. Rhetoric has

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done good (for a democracy is necessarily a government by talk), but it has done about all the good in the present crisis of which it is capable. The need of the hour is for acts, and, as far as possible, a tongue-tied leadership. Blessed is the man who can control his lips in this crisis and whose energy goes into doing.

But as rhetorical proclamations of purpose and boastful announcements of what is about to be done no longer help much, so unbridled criticism is of slender use. That unwarranted delays have occurred is patent. That the President in many respects has failed to measure up to the ideal is sadly true. But under our form of government we cannot change horses even though there should be desire to do so. The President is in office. This is a fixed fact of the situation. Such being the unalterable condition, it is not easy to see what good comes from railing at his leadership. If milk has been spilt it is not to be recovered by complainings. The President is the centre of national authority and action and he must be supported.

But disregarding the series of admitted mistakes that have been made, Colonel Roosevelt does a great public service by raising his voice to educate public opinion to the need of making preparations on the theory that the war will not be short. In August, 1914, as all can now see, this country was guilty of a great blunder when it failed to enter the war when Belgium was violated. But no one is warranted in complaining of a fellow citizen on this account. As far as we are aware THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and *The Globe* had a monopoly of the view that neutrality was impossible in the presence of the issue raised. But neither the President nor even Colonel Roosevelt saw the reality, although they both now see that if it had been recognized at once the war would have been over long ago. The colonel's eyes opened within three months, while the President's remained closed for two and a half years, but except in the matter of quicker perception the mistake was the same. Here was an error that really counted and which must not be repeated by assuming that Great Britain, France, and Italy will do our work and that hence there is no reason for America to disturb herself. It is as immoral as it is unwise for us to rely in this way on the sacrifices of our allies. We must show by acts that we are not slackers in the great business of saving civilization.

WHO FIRST DAMNED WILLIAM?

(*From The Philadelphia Public Ledger*)

We appreciate the kindliness of our correspondent who compliments us on having dubbed the Kaiser "William the Damned" in a recent editorial on this page; but credit for having originated the phrase should be given, we believe, to Colonel George Harvey. It's a good one.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE SCRIPTURES ON THE WAR

SIR,—

The following Scriptural applications to the War may be of interest to your readers.

Uncle Sam: For himself:

"Blessed be the Lord my strength, Who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight." (Ps. CIV, 1).

"I call heaven and earth to record this day" (Deut. XXX, 19), that "by the space of three years" (Acts XX, 31), "I laboured for peace" (Ps. CXX, 7).

"The nobles . . . sent many letters" (Neh. VI, 17), "rising up early and sending them" (Jer. XXV, 4), "And the king answered them roughly, . . . saying that" (2 Chron. X, 13), "he hath described a boundary upon the face of the waters" (Job XXVI, 10), "wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby". (Is. XXXIII, 21).

"Woe is me!" (Is. VI, 5), "In the valley of decision" (Joel III, 14), "I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, and had no comfort". (Ps. XXXIX, 2).

Why he had no comfort:

"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground" (Gen. IV, 10).

"In the day that thou stoodest aloof, in the day that strangers carried away his substance, and foreigners entered into his gates . . . even thou was as one of them." (Obad. ii.)

"Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty". (Judges V, 23).

"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art luke-warm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth . . . Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing: And knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." (Rev. III, 15-17).

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark VIII, 36).

His Excuses:

"Am I my brother's keeper"? (Gen. IV, 9).

"I said unto the nobles, and to the rulers, and to the rest of the

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people, The work is great and large, and we are separated . . . one far from another". (Neh. IV, 19).

"Ye have not passed this way heretofore." (Josh. III, 4).

"When he shall roar, then shall the children tremble from the West." (Hos. XI, 10).

"For as yet the people had not prepared", (2 Chron. XX, 33).

"It is a rebellious people . . . which say to the seers, See not; and to the prophets, Prophesy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits." (Is. XXX, 9, 10).

"They cry, Peace, peace" (Jer. VI, 14).

"Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him" (1 Sam. III, 7).

His call:

"And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel said, Speak; for thy servant heareth". (1 Sam. III, 10).

"Shall your brethren go to war, and shall ye sit here"? (Numb. XXXII, 6).

"Prepare ye war against her, and let us go up". (Jer. VI, 4).

"Arise ye, and pass quickly over the water". (2 Sam. XVII, 21).

"Go, borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, even empty vessels; borrow not a few". (2 Kgs. IV, 3).

"Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships . . . to bring thy sons from far". (Is. LX, 9).

His response:

"We have sinned . . . we will go up and fight". (Deut. 1, 41).

"Now I have prepared with all my might". (1 Chron. XXIX, 2).

"I will bring thy sons from the East, and gather thee from the West: I will say to the North, Give up; and to the South, Keep not back: bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the end of the earth". (Is. XLIII, 5-6).

"And all the people said, Amen, and praised the Lord". (1 Chron. XVI, 36).

For our Army and Navy:

"Ye shall pass over before your brethren armed, all the mighty men of valour, and shall help them, until the Lord have given your brethren rest . . . then shall ye return unto the land of your possession, and possess it." (Josh. I, 14-16).

For Germany:

"The Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land, because there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land. There is naught but swearing and breaking faith, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery." (Hosh. IV, 1, 2).

For the Kaiser:

"Thou hast said, I am a god, I sit in the seat of God". (Ezek. XXVIII, 3).

For the Crown Prince:

"I am a worm, and no man: a reproach of men, and despised of the people". (Ps. XXII, 6).

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For the Kaiser's sons severally:

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day . . .
A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand:
But it shall not come nigh thee."
(Ps. XCI, 5-7).

"They are in no peril of death, but are lusty and strong.
They come in no misfortune like other folk: neither are they plagued like other men.
And this is the cause that they are so holden with pride: and overwhelmed with cruelty.
Their eyes swell with fatness: and they do even what they lust."
(Ps. LXXIII, 4-7).

For von Emmich (Aug. 1914):

"I passed over upon her fair neck". (Hosh. X, 11).

For the Governor-Generals of Belgium and Poland:

"And he commanded the task-masters of the people, and their officers, saying" (Ex. V, 6), "Everyone that is found shall be thrust through; and everyone that is taken shall fall by the sword. Their infants also shall be dashed in pieces before their eyes; their houses shall be spoiled, and their wives ravished." (Is. XIII, 15-16). "I will not pity nor spare, nor have compassion." (Jer. XIII, 14).

For von Hindenburg:

"He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass". (Job XIX, 8).

For the Submarine:

"I will prepare destroyers against thee, everyone with his weapons". (Jer. XXII, 7).

"His soul draweth near to the grave, and his life to the destroyers". (Job XXXIII, 22).

"I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer". (Ps. XVII, 4).

For Drs. von Bernstorff and Dumba:

"They also did work wilily, and went and made as if they had been ambassadors" (Josh. IX, 4); "in whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes". (Ps. XXVI, 10).

"Are not his servants come unto thee for to search, and to overthrow, and to spy out the land"? (1 Chron. XIX, 3).

"The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords" (Ps. LV, 21).

"It was not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour: for then I could have borne it . . . But it was even thou . . . mine own familiar friend." (Ps. LV, 12-14).

"So he returned with shame of face to his own land". (2 Chron. XXXII, 21).

Their confession:

"Thou hast known my reproach, and my shame, and my dishonour". (Ps. LXIX, 19).

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To those who are willing to accept a German peace:

"This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: he will take your sons, and appoint them unto him, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen . . . and he will set some to plow his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and the instruments of his chariots. And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your oliveyards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. And he will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give to his officers, and to his servants. And he will take your menservants, and your maidservants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work. He will take the tenth of your flocks: and ye shall be his servants." (1 Sam. VIII, 11-17).

For the Secret Service:

"Go, I pray you, make yet more sure, and know and see his place where his haunt is, and who hath seen him there: for it is told me that he dealeth very subtilly. See therefore, and take knowledge of all the lurking places where he hideth himself, and come ye again to me . . . and I will go with you . . . and will search him out." (1 Sam. XXIII, 22-23).

For the Shipping Board:

"I have considered the things which thou sentest to me for: and I will do all thy desire concerning timber . . . my servants shall bring them down . . . unto the sea: and I will convey them by sea in floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me, and will cause them to be discharged there, and thou shalt receive them." (1 Kgs. V, 8, 9).

"Let him make speed, and hasten his work." (Is. V, 19).

For all German-Americans:

"As free, and not using your freedom for a cloak of wickedness." (1 Pet. II, 16).

For Belgium:

"And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy trouble, and from the hard bondage wherein thou was made to serve, that thou shalt take up this parable against the King . . . and say, How hath the oppressor ceased! . . . that smote the peoples in wrath with a continual stroke, that ruled the nations in anger, with a persecution that none restrained. The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing . . . Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming . . . the worm is spread under thee, and worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Day Star, son of the morning! How are thou cut down to the ground, which didst lay low the nations! And thou saidst in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God . . . I will be like the Most High. Yet shalt thou be brought down to hell, to the uttermost parts of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, they shall consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms: that made the world as a wilderness, and overthrew the cities thereof; that let not loose his prisoners to their home"? (Is. XIV, 3-17).

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The Watchword for France:
"Thou shalt not pass". (Gen. XXXI, 52).
The Watchword for England:
"Though they roar, yet can they not pass." (Jer. V, 22).
For Italy:
"And he pressed him: howbeit he would not go." (2 Sam. XIII, 25).
For Russia:
"He feedeth on ashes: a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand"? (Is. XLIV, 20).
Our purpose for Germany:
"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free". (Jn. VIII, 32).
For the faint-hearted at home:
"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength". (Is. XXX, 15).
For the world, after the war:
"I saw a new heaven, and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away". (Rev. XXI, 1).

STUART L. TYSON, M.A. (Oxon.)

[NOTE: The translations used are the Authorized, the Revised, and that in the Anglican Prayer Book Psalter.—AUTHOR.]

CODDLING LABOR

SIR,—I wish to express my hearty approval of the editorial appearing in the March number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW under the heading of, "Wanted, a Leader."

For some time it has seemed to me that unless active steps were taken to disclose to the thinking people of this country the actual condition of affairs existing in our Government, and through public demand compelling the replacement of the weaklings and incompetents with whom the President has surrounded himself, the war would either be immeasurably prolonged or we would stand a very great risk of being defeated. This publicity and effective criticism can, of course, only be brought about through the press, and it was, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction and approval that I read your article as being a decided step in the right direction.

I wish to call your attention to a matter which has received very little comment by the press, and that is the reduction of working hours for the Delaware shipbuilders. The occasion imperatively demands that every loyal citizen should exert himself to the utmost according to his capabilities, and the country might reasonably expect that these shipbuilders should voluntarily increase their working hours; yet, urged on by their leaders, they demand not only abnormal increase in pay, but a reduction of working hours and the closed shop. Although the very existence of the nation is at stake, the Shipping Wage Adjustment Board—or at least two members of it—in the absence of Mr. Coolidge grant the reduction of working time demanded, giving the men the eight hour day with a half holiday on Saturday. When we are continually being told that the successful prosecution of the war and the maintenance

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of our own soldiers at the front demand the maximum output possible of shipping in this country, yet these two men, Mr. V. Everett Macey, an officer of the National Association for Labor Legislation and professed union man, appointed by the President, and Mr. A. J. Berres, Secretary-Treasurer of the International Association of Machinists, nominated by Mr. Gompers, have the daring to actually reduce the working hours in the face of their loud protestations of loyalty and determination to aid in winning the war.

The public generally has not had this deliberate act of treachery brought to its attention in a sufficiently forceful manner, and I would urge that you look into and confirm these facts and bring them to the attention of the public in a suitable editorial.

As a manufacturer I have been keenly alive to the activities of the labor leaders during the war and the complete manner in which the present Administration has placed itself on record as aiding and abetting labor in all its demands. Having had many experiences with these activities and knowing what they result in, I am fearful of what may be before us unless public opinion can compel the Administration to halt in its present course.

Although a complete stranger to you, I trust you will appreciate what has induced me to write you in this manner.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. LOUIS W. DOWNES.

MAKE IT SO!

SIR,—Why, with our bedlam of preparatory war work and particularly our noisy machinery in the Committee on Public Information, have we not a Directory of War Activities in every postoffice, national bank, Red Cross headquarters, the principal public libraries, municipal employment offices, and a hundred other stations where men, women and money, with a desire promptly to throw their help into the national crisis as volunteers or employees, may, by a ready reference, connect with an attentive Government department or agency without the loss of time, bewilderment, disappointment and disgust which now prevent the country's talent from landing on the right spot?

After this German sentence I need not discuss the great utility of such publication, in a thin-papered popular edition the sale of which would pay for the whole project.

That would be mobilizing the still dormant national potentiality ready and willing to serve.

At present the man in the street, the shop, the laboratory, farm or office doesn't know who's who, what's what, or where to go with his patriotic force in a unified scheme to fight with the whole nation, not its soldiery alone.

NEWARK, N. J. H. W. WACK.

(Four Minute Man, New York and New Jersey.)

AN OLD FRIEND

I have been a reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for many years, and think I have an unbroken file since 1890—nearly thirty years. I read Colonel Harvey's articles with great interest. I think he is one of the most pungent and forceful writers of the day. His

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criticisms of the Administration and conduct of the war are constructive and ought to do something toward eradicating the spirit of partisanship which is too powerful in Washington just now. If the President could be induced to avail himself of the biggest and ablest men, regardless of their political faith, a long step toward efficiency and ultimate success would surely be achieved.

Why don't you offer the WAR WEEKLY to the general public as well as the subscribers to the REVIEW? In my opinion it is deserving of the widest possible circulation.

LOS ANGELES, CAL. T. D. M.

DISSENT

SIR,—I admire the brilliant style of Mr. Harvey's writings, but I am persuaded that the author's general attitude of carping, stinging criticism of the Administration serves *no good purpose* in this hour of the Nation's peril. I regard President Wilson as the greatest, the wisest and the most far-seeing statesman in the world—the very hope of democracy. He should have the sympathy and the ardent support of every sincere and warm-hearted American citizen. The *spirit* of Mr. Harvey's utterances does not appeal to me.

PUYALLUP, WASH. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

HELPING THE LIBERTY LOAN

SIR,—The Liberty Loan Committee directs me to thank you for your kindness in granting us permission to reprint in pamphlet form Gov. Strong's Liberty Loan article from the April NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. There has been much favorable comment on this article, and we are gratified to be in a position to use it in our Publicity Campaign for the Third Liberty Loan.

Your patriotic coöperation is very much appreciated.

NEW YORK CITY. J. I. CLARKE,
(Assistant Director of Publicity, 2nd Federal Reserve District.)

YES, WE HAVE THOUGHT

SIR,—I am of the opinion that it would be a great satisfaction to you and a relief to the reading public if you could finally decide whether Mr. Wilson is the greatest President we ever had or a horrible mistake.

Every great editor has some people who look to him for political guidance and adopt his opinions as their own; have you ever thought of what must be the state of mind of your particular followers in respect of Mr. Wilson?

NEW YORK CITY. S. B. SMITH.

BRIGHT IDEA FROM HONDURAS

SIR,—An English friend, who has but recently returned from a three months' visit to his birthplace, after reading "Wanted, a Leader," remarked: "Apparently both London and Washington are having similar trouble, a leader who is determined to have no one about him who might eventually overshadow him."

To me, this was quite a new view of the matter.

SAN PEDRO SULA, HONDURAS, C. A. R. B. WATSON.

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